Sport, Travel & Fiction

# The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

No. 2.—Vol. I. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, December 16, 1903 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

*Photo by* *Thomson*

**Miss Violet Milner**

The elder daughter of Sir Frederic and Lady Milner

No. 2.—Vol. I.

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Wednesday, December 16, 1903


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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contribution. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of from 1,500 to 4,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to The Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: the Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

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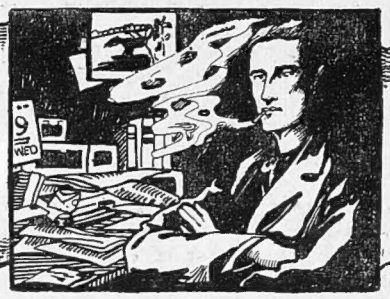
POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to correctly WEIGH AND STAMP all copies so forwarded

# The BYSTANDER'S NOTES.



**A Flattering Reception**

It affords us, naturally, great gratification to observe the flattering reception which has been given to THE BYSTANDER. Out of a chorus of approval and congratulation, we have not been indifferent to the criticism of some friends. We do not pretend that the first number is perfect. Far from it. Those points which require strengthening will not be suffered to remain in a state of weakness. It is no light matter producing a paper containing 80 pages weekly; but we shall carry out our part of the bargain if we find our efforts are appreciated. It may be added that every week we shall present our readers with an artistic coloured supplement.

**The Winner of the Nobel Prize**

One of the most notable occurrences last week was the announcement that Mr. W. R. Cremer, M.P., had been awarded the Nobel Peace Prize by the Norwegian Storthing. Of course, the monetary consideration is not to be overlooked, for it consists of nearly £8,000 in English money; but the honour of winning it is one which not only reflects the greatest honour upon Mr. Cremer, but, through him, on the British nation. Mr. Cremer has laboured for peace for twenty-eight years, and, during this period, in the endeavour to promote international arbitration he has visited every country in Europe, as well as having been on three occasions to the United States. Perhaps no greater honour could be paid to the life work of a man than to be awarded by the arbitrators the prize which carries with it full recognition of the fact that the winner, above all men, has laboured most successfully and whole-heartedly to prevent war.

**A Contrast**

As though by a freak of that jade Fortune, at the moment when, in one part of the world, the efforts of an enthusiastic advocate of peace are being recognised and rewarded, in another two nations are seemingly about to declare war. Japan is excited and in a dangerous state; Russia remains mute, and although tidings from Moscow reached us last week to the effect that the Tsar had given instructions for a conciliatory reply to be given to Japan, it has been since denied. Knowing that the Tsar is an earnest believer in peace, we can only hope he will not let the bellicose zeal of his advisers carry him too far.

**The Discoverer of Radium**

Apropos of Monsieur Pierre Curie, the distinguished Frenchman and his gifted wife are to be heartily congratulated upon their success in being presented with the award for the most able researches in physics. M. Curie, it may well be said, has caused a revolution by his discovery of the properties and possibilities of radium. Even yet we only have a faint glimmering of what radium may be able to do. M. Curie recently had conferred upon him the honorary award of the Royal Society in the shape of Sir Humphrey Davy's medal. Madame Curie has received, at different times, unique distinctions from France for scientific research, the latest being last year, when she was the recipient of the Berthelot medal at the Paris Academy.

**Herbert Spencer's Death**

The death of Herbert Spencer, which is referred to elsewhere, is a tremendous loss, not only to the Empire, but to the entire civilised world. His age at the time of his death was eighty-three, which in itself is a remarkable fact, for he was never a strong man, and suffered from even early periods from breakdowns through over work. Grit, determination, and perseverance pulled him through, which gives one an indication of the character of the man whose name is destined, doubtless, to immortality.

**The Growth of Travel**

Our readers will directly be making arrangements for their Christmas Holidays. We shall make a point of giving a great deal of attention to foreign and Continental resorts. With the resources for comfortable and quick travel of to-day it is no longer an impossibility to breakfast in one capital, lunch in another, and dine in a third, all within twenty-four hours. Realising that, as more and more the Englishman gets to know the Continent better, he likes to be kept *au courant* with its doings, we intend that in THE BYSTANDER this feature shall be a prominent one.

**An Oft-neglected Topic**

It is curious how, in a way, this most important subject is neglected in the Press. Events and life on the Continent are themes which generally receive but desultory treatment, and yet but few persons perhaps realise what a great number of English people are, for one reason or another, living on the Continent, who, much as they like to know what is happening at home, are also interested in what is occurring around them.

# People of Interest

### Royalty in Egypt

Princess Henry of Battenberg, with her pretty daughter, Princess Ena — the fairest of Royal *débutantes*—and her little son, Prince Leopold, have just arrived in Cairo, where the "Governor of the Wight" intends to spend the winter, as it is thought that the clear, sparkling air will greatly benefit Prince Leopold, who is a delicate child. The Royal party, who are travelling with a small suite, have rooms in the Gezireh Palace Hotel, which has become a powerful rival to Shepheard's famous hostelry. Princess Henry has seen less of the world than most modern Royal ladies, for during the late Sovereign's life she scarcely ever left her beloved mother, and even before the tragic death of Prince Henry she lived a very busy, quiet life in the Isle of Wight, in whose local affairs she takes a very keen interest. Princess Victoria Eugenie is a very accomplished girl, who would make, some people think, a very suitable wife for the German Crown Prince. She is one of the King's favourite nieces, and recalls His Majesty's much loved sister, the late Princess Alice.

*Photo by* *H. Walter Barnett*

**The Countess Beauchamp**

### The King at Hall Barn

On Saturday the King will arrive at Hall Barn, there to be the guest, for a couple of days, of Lord Burnham. The shrewd proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph* has often entertained the Sovereign in his famous old house, of which the sporting amenities seem quite exceptional when it be remembered that the estate is within a pleasant motor-car drive of town. "To those that hath shall much be given" certainly came true in the case of the then Mr. Edward Lawson; for when he purchased Hall Barn Park and an estate which comprises three thousand acres, enclosed in a ring fence, he only gave £170,000 for a property which is probably now worth half a million! All sorts of famous people have lived at Hall Barn, and it was frequently visited by Edmund Burke, whose country home was at Beaconsfield, close by. Lord Burnham is a Burke enthusiast, and on the occasion of the unveiling of the window to the great statesman in Beaconsfield church he made a speech which showed that his knowledge of eighteenth century life and ways was really very remarkable.

### A Wonderful Garden

Hall Barn boasts of a very lovely old-world garden, famed for its hedges. One green wall, composed of holly, yew, box, and laurel, is said to have particularly delighted the King, who has a remarkable knowledge of forestry. The gardens were evidently planned at a time when Italy ruled the imagination of the British landscape gardener, and in summer weather Lord Burnham is fond of taking his guests to the delightful Temple of Love which goes by the more sober name of the Italian Garden House, and which recalls, to quite a singular degree, a similar little temple in poor Marie Antoinette's Trianon at Versailles.

### The Mistress of Madresfield Court

In Madresfield Court the young Countess Beauchamp is the fortunate mistress of one of the most beautiful places in England, and the old-world house is full of priceless treasures, there being no finer collection of manuscripts—if those at the British Museum and Windsor Castle be excepted—in the kingdom. Lady Beauchamp is likely to play a great part in twentieth century society. As step-daughter to Mr. George Wyndham and sister to the Duke of Westminster, she is closely allied to the great political, as well as to the great social, worlds; and the marriage of her young aunt, Lady Margaret Grosvenor, to the Princess of Wales's eldest brother, has given her an equally close connection with our Royal Family. Lord and Lady Beauchamp belong to the more serious section of the great world; they are both rather old-fashioned in their ways and their ideas, and never associate in any way with the so-called "smart set." Like her sister, Lady Shaftesbury, Lady Beauchamp is the proud mother of a baby son and heir, whose birth was celebrated in grand old feudal style in the neighbourhood of his parents' splendid home.

### A Youthful Beauty

Among the many charming girls who have made their *début* since the beginning of the new century, few are as pretty and as popular as is Sir Frederick and Lady Milner's eldest daughter, who, indeed, inherits beauty from both sides of the house, for she is related to the Lumleys, the Beresfords, the Sturts, the Fitzgeralds, the Grahams of Netherby, and the Talbots—each and all famed for the singular loveliness of their daughters. Sir Frederick Milner is a great Yorkshire magnate and M.P., and Miss Milner spent her childhood at beautiful Nun Appleton, not far from York. Like her distinguished father, she is very fond of the country, and of country pursuits, and she also shares both her parents' love of curios and objects of art—a rather unusual taste for what Doctor Johnson used to call "a blooming young miss."

### "A Princess of Ruritania"

Mrs. Anthony Hope-Hawkins—to give her her full name—will, on Friday (18th), make her first bow to upper literary Bohemia, for on that evening she and the genial popular novelist, whose bride she became last summer, will receive the members and guests of the Whitefriars Club, and doubtless Anthony Hope will make one of the witty speeches for which he is rightly famed. It is an open secret that the marriage of the fascinating story-teller to the beautiful Miss Elizabeth Sheldon (a sister of that charming actress, Miss Suzanne Sheldon) was quite a romance. They met on one of those luxurious Atlantic liners, which are always supposed to be so productive of love affairs, and at the end of the short voyage, Mr. Hawkins was able to announce his engagement to his

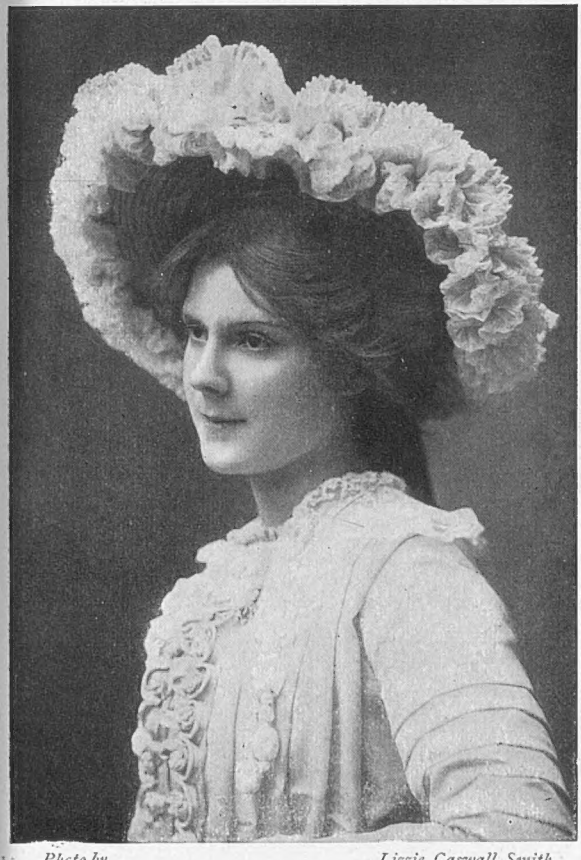


*Photo by* *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

**Miss Stephanie Cooper**

Mrs Levita

*Photo by* *Lizzie Caswall Smith*

**Mrs. Anthony Hope-Hawkins**

many friends. The marriage took place at the quaint old City church of St. Bride's, Fleet Street, of which the bridegroom's father has long been vicar, and the Bishop of Stepney, a college friend and contemporary of Anthony Hope, tied the knot.

### Last Saturday's Bride.

The smartest of last week's weddings was undoubtedly that of the Duke of Fife's pretty young niece, Miss Stephanie Cooper, the daughter of the famous surgeon, Sir Alfred Cooper, and Mr. Arthur Levita, who has great financial interests in the City, and who has long been a popular and much sought after London bachelor. Sir Alfred and Lady Agnes Cooper have a very beautiful place in the Isle of Arran, where they entertain in a very hospitable fashion, each autumn, the great surgeon's troops of friends. Last Saturday's bride is a singularly pretty and attractive-looking girl, still in the first flush of youth, for she made her *début* last spring, and she will prove a charming addition to the youthful hostesses who entertain during the winter season.

### Miss Barbara Hannay

Miss Barbara Hannay, who made her *début* as a reciter at the Grafton Galleries on December 4, is a young lady of many gifts and attractions. She has a singularly pleasing platform appearance, and a very distinct style of her own. She is specially successful with pieces by Ella Wheeler Wilcox and Austin Dobson, for which her delicacy of style makes her particularly suitable. Miss Hannay comes from Derby, where she has had a good many successes in amateur theatricals, and in performances arranged for the benefit of the War Fund. Since she has been in London she has studied elocution and gesture with Mr. Cavaroglia Buckmaster. A little while since she had the honour of appearing in *The Apple Orchard* before the author, Mr. Anthony Hope.

**Miss Barbara Hannay**

A New Reciter

### Society and Irish Poor

Countess Valda Gleichen, Mrs. Arkwright, Mrs. Percy Somers-Cocks, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Mr. Gervase Elwes, Mr. Ford Waltham, Miss Agnes Zimmerman, Mme. Beatrice Langley, and Miss Alice Elieson, are among the artists and amateurs who will perform at the concert at the Bechstein Hall, Wigmore Street, on December 17, at 3 p.m., in aid of St. Margaret's and St. Phillip's Settlements for the relief of the poor (chiefly the very poor Irish) in Rotherhithe and Mile End. The concert is given under the direct patronage of, among others, the Secretary of State for Ireland and Countess Grosvenor, the Duke and Duchess of Portland, Adeline Duchess of Bedford, Lady Mary Howard, Lord and Lady Edmund Talbot, the Earl and Countess of Abingdon, Viscount and Viscountess Halifax. Tickets can be had from Lady Mary Howard, Norfolk House, St. James's Square, S.W., or from Lacon and Ollier, New Bond Street.

### The late Bishop of Gibraltar

The Right Rev. Charles Waldegrave Sandford, D.D., Bishop of Gibraltar, who died last week, was an athlete in his earlier years, and a somewhat noted cricketer in his Oxford days. The See of Gibraltar is, territorially, the largest See of the Church of England in Europe, ranging from Gibraltar to Malta, and embracing North Africa and Anatolia, as well as Southern France and Italy.

### A Wealthy Diocese

The Bishop was necessarily but little known among his straggling, and one might say wealthy, diocese, for the adherents of the Church of England on the Continent rarely include very poor English people, unless they be distressed mariners, who are always well provided for by the many seamen's societies. The residence of the Bishop of Gibraltar is at Cannes, where there is a charming villa, and both the late Bishop and his wife—who predeceased her husband in 1901—were deservedly popular among those who knew them.

**Mrs. Fenwick Miller**

The Well-known Lady Journalist

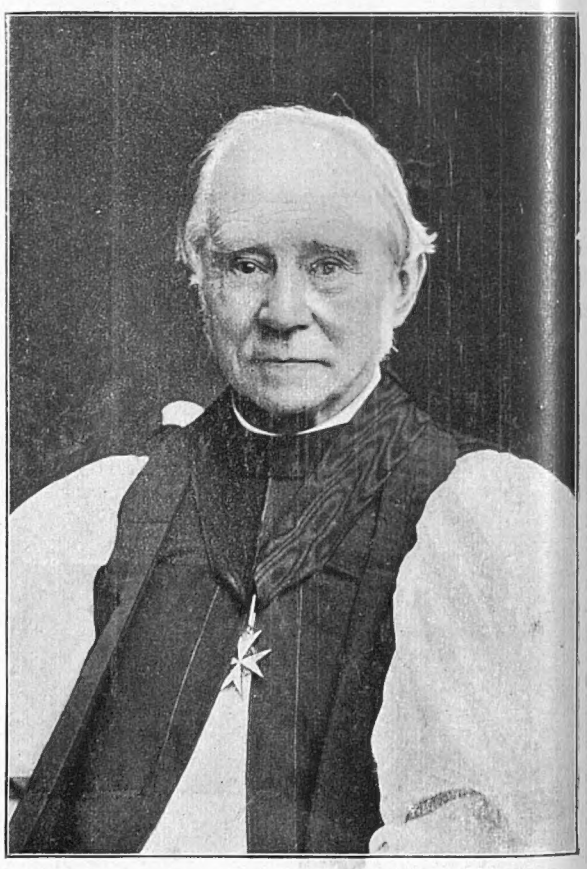


*Photo by* *Russell & Sons*

**The late Bishop of Gibraltar**

### A Fine Speaker

Lady Burnand, at the annual meeting of the Theatrical Ladies' Guild last Friday, referred to the "beautiful speeches, excellently delivered, to which she had listened." One of the best of these speeches was delivered by Mrs. Fenwick Miller on behalf of the Press. Mrs. Fenwick Miller is, of course, a very well-known lady journalist, and under her maiden name contributes, and has contributed, to a great many publications. She married in 1877, but with her husband's consent retained her maiden name, which led to a heated controversy at the time. Mrs. Fenwick Miller is one of the most gifted of speakers, and especially as an advocate of woman's suffrage is unequalled.

### A Would-be Portia

Miss Bertha Cave, who, greatly daring, made an appeal to the Lord Chancellor and his colleagues of the High Court, in order to persuade them to allow her to become a practising barrister, would have made an ideal Portia. She is young, tall, and slight, and has cherished a wish to become a lady lawyer since she was quite a child. Of course, Miss Cave is by no means the first modern girl who has wished to be admitted to all the privileges of the Bar; and, as she pointed out in her very able little speech to the judges, in many civilised countries legal Portias are made welcome in the courts. The Benchers of Gray's Inn rejected her request that they would allow her to join their society, and her appeal was really made against their decision. The hard-hearted Lord Chancellor, however, upheld the ungallant Benchers; but Miss Cave, nothing daunted, intends, it is rumoured, to petition the Privy Council! The affair has caused a great deal of interest in Croydon, where Miss Cave and her family are well known and highly respected.

### An Interesting Marriage

Of the forthcoming marriages, one of the most notable will be that which is shortly to be celebrated between Miss Palmer and Mr. Bertram Brooke. Both Miss Palmer and Mr. Brooke come of well-known families. The former is the only daughter of Mr. Walter Palmer, director of the well-known Reading firm and Conservative M.P. for Salisbury. Mr. Brooke is the second son of Sir George Brooke, the Rajah of Sarawak. Sir George, who has recently returned to his home, near Cirencester, is close upon seventy-five years of age, and it is doubtful whether he will return to the East.

Prince Galitzin

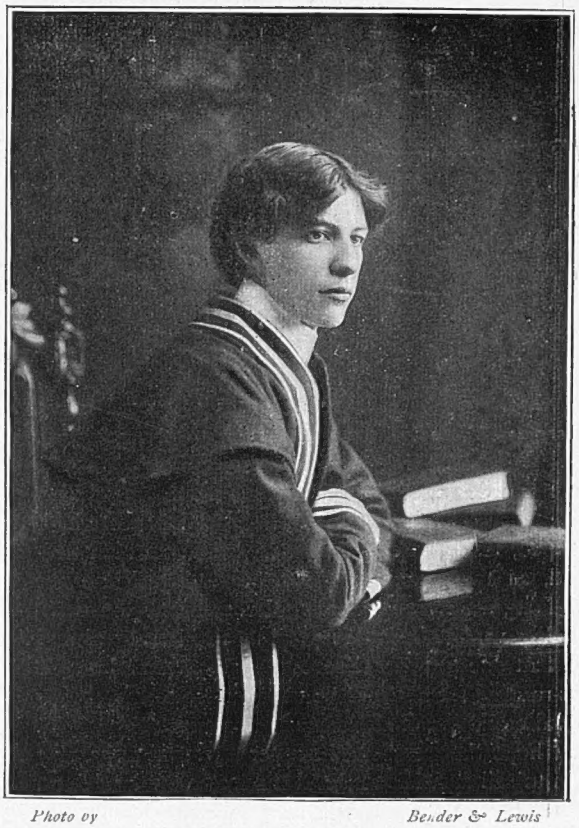


*Photo by* *Bender & Lewis*

Miss Bertha Cave

### An Ice Carnival

In aid of the Union Jack Club, in which the keenest interest is always taken by Court and Society, an ice carnival will be held, on February 13th, at the National Skating Union, under the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. Lord Redesdale is chairman of the organising committee, which includes among its members General Sir Ian Hamilton, General Baden-Powell, the Duchess of Bedford, the Countess of Derby, and Countess Howe. The Duchess of Bedford is president of the committee which will arrange the programme of skating.

### Attack upon a Prince

A most unpleasant adventure lately befell Prince Galitzin, whose portrait we give. The Prince, who occupies the important military post of Governor-General of the Caucasus, was driving with his wife near Tiflis, when three men ran up to the carriage and attempted to assassinate him. Fortunately, their intention was frustrated by the Prince's escort. The attempted crime had no political significance, plunder forming the sole object of the men, who proved to be three members of a gang of robbers in the district.

**Deserted Tamesis**

In these times of record rains, the window offers little prospect, except endless drops which race across and down, striking the panes in madly sudden jerks and angles: but through this gambler's paradise I managed, lately, to descry a misty poster which promised, as the evening's news, a fresh scheme for organising the river steamers. I could gladly be somewhat less vague about this project, but having always held that one paper and several posters formed ample news-reading for a day, I was the victim to my theory by finding no detail of the plan in my morning journal. But I hope the steamers, however slow and dirty, may begin to sail again soon; and the less slow and dirty, the more tense my joy. What would London's lovers of a few centuries back have said could they see her waterway, stage of so much pageant and romance, sunk to the rank of a canal? We owe it to the past to lose a few minutes for the sake of saving a tradition. The Tube is magnificent, but it has no history! And there should be no lack of water in the Thames next season.

**Poster Morals**

This possibility of getting news from mere posters, without paying for the paper, reveals mazy vistas of ethical debate: indeed, I am not sure that one might not draw up a philosophy of posters. Let no one imagine that I am calling my own probity in question. If paper-sellers flaunt before me in vast black letters the tidings that Lord Somebody is dead, I hold myself blameless in digesting it. No, it is the ethics of the journals that admit debate. Suppose a man, as habitual a niggard as myself, to be pacing the Strand, covertly anxious to learn the results of some *cause célèbre*. He scans endless posters. "Result of the —— Murder Case," "—— Case: Result"—always merely the hint that whets desire to know. He is just feeling that he *must* know, when of a sudden his eye is drawn to a new legend: "THE —— MURDERER ACQUITTED." Such treachery is found, on one paper's poster or another's, almost every evening. Can it be defended? On grounds of utility, no. The half-purchaser now has found what he desired; the morning will bring details. But on the high plane of morality? I shirk the problem. Let us leave it to the thinkers.

**The Penny Puff**

In any case, the question is not urgent, since most Britons read their journals dutifully and rush for more, so that all London is littered with bills announcing yet another daily, which will lavish, on the instalment system, such a budget of portfolios and attractions, that its prospectus reminds one of the full-page encyclopædic blandishments, which we are to lose so soon. Life will be a blank, indeed, without them. I am tempted to remark that the new daily's advertisements may divert us in their stead. But I desist. The public is to be gently handled in these days of mud.

**Modern Maladies**

I note, in fact, that with the recent plague of mud we are the happy possessors of yet another malady—nothing less awesome than the "mud scowl." Tut, tut! What a world it is. We had become hardened to the "carriage face," resigned to the "bicycle eye," and callous even of the "motor frown." But the mud scowl! As every carriage or omnibus rolls near, we poor, brain-fagged lumps of nerve are said to cringe and to contort our brows in terror of the coming fountain. Further, I read that we crawl along, ungallant males included, hugging the railings and turning aside from each approaching wheel. And, certainly, as from my steamy window I watch the timid wayfarers, it occurs to me to wonder whether I, too, when on the dirt-splashed paving, look what the King of Brobdingnag would have called a "pernicious, little, odious reptile." Oh, for the days when none of these maladies had been invented! It now remains only for some base fellow to concoct a Fiscal Glare or, maybe, "Dumpy" Yawn.

**And their Cure**

But there is consolation. Probably an ingenious Yankee, or retired Prime Minister, will kindly step forward with a patent remedy. The sale of remedies to cure all ills is, nowadays, almost as profitable as the sale of the fancy buns which cause them. Every third shop, in some districts, is a chemist's; and seeing that each cure is a panacea, it is hard to imagine how all the varieties find patrons. Can it be that, like the islanders who lived by taking in each other's washing, these "quack" medicines exist by outbalancing each other's bad effects? Perish the notion! Yet despite these many modern improvements, no Briton has, as yet, outlived Methusaleh. Theories there are in plenty, and one of our halfpenny dailies has been airing them. But each théorist is so busy dinning his unfailing system into the eardrums of his fellows, that, while the pen yet clings between his fingers, Death comes upon him and vitiates his canons.

CLUBBITE.

# The Topictator

THE FIRST "LONDON PARTICULAR" DEC. 5
"IS THIS TOTTENHAM COURT ROAD?"
"TOT—! LOR LOVE YER, YOU'RE JUST A-PASSIN' OF THE HELEPHANT

GORDON O'ABERDEEN
YIN SAWBATH MORRN
LANDED IN EDINBRO'
CAULD AN' FOLORRN. —

"GO CALL A HANSOM CAB"
SHIVRIN' HE CRIED
"MON! TIS THE SAWBATH!"
THE POR-RTER REPLIED

GORDON O'ABERDEEN
LAIRD O' THAT ILK
CAM' — THO' A TEMP'RANCE MON—
HAME WI' THE MILK.

FAT BEAST SHOW AT ISLINGTON (HONI SOIT QUI MALY PENSE)

LANCASHIRE COTTON SPINNER
"STOP CHUCKIN' THAT BALE ABOUT AND LET ME GET ON WITH MY WORK"

SHADE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON
"IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THERE ARE OTHERS?"

JUDGE EDGE AT CLERKENWELL REMARKED, WITH REFERENCE TO A CERTAIN CASE, THE CURIOUS AND INTERESTING FACT THAT, SO FAR AS HE COULD JUDGE, ALL THE WITNESSES HAD SPOKEN THE TRUTH.

# PARISIANA :

"I was in winter quarters in my dear Lutetia ; thus do they call in Gaul the little capital of the Parisians."—*Julian.*

## Old Pere Jean, Professional Four Sous Letter-writer.

In the Faubourg St. Antoine, gloom. You will probably object that it never is, and never was, a brilliant quarter, but at all times it has had this in common with other quarters : belles, and aspiring, jealous, agitated suitors. Indeed, these belles are besieged like any other belles, and these suitors would charm and shine, and triumph eventually like any other suitors ; and so, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, as in every *faubourg*, infinite importance is attached to the poem and *billet-doux*. An obstacle, however. The hairdresser, the grocer's assistant, the mechanic, the hundred and one young gallants of sombre St. Antoine are not adepts at odes, nor yet at passionate heart-disturbing prose. They love, they love—yet cannot for the life of them express themselves. They would win their queen with the rarest, most seductive compliments—but find to their dismay that they can think only of clumsy, stale banalaties. Heavens, their dilemma, their despair ! Dishevelled, inky, and utterly exhausted are the suitors when a thin piping voice rises ; "Here is my *tarif* : fivepence for a poem, twopence for a letter." Saved ! The gallants surround the speaker. The gallants order poems and letters on the spot. Suitors of St. Antoine, you may well rejoice. For the little frail old man, with the thin piping voice and straggling white hair, is no other than Père Jean, the accomplished, the brilliant, the irresistible public letter-writer.

Let us first of all meet old Père Jean in the Latin Quarter. A café : and seated at a table is old Père Jean, writing. And he writes on and on, until he has produced a letter that will r joice the hearts of the proud, fond family of the student Armand, whose home is far away in Normandy. "A *chef-d'œuvre !*" exclaims Armand, copying the letter. A masterpiece, indeed ! For father, mother, and sisters hear that Armand works all day, and is the favourite of his professors, and has become so serious and strong a character that the pleasures of the Quarter tempt him not. The professor will be disappointed in Armand, the professor will even suspect the sincerity of Armand. Impossible to write more in these depressing circumstances. Armand must walk, Armand must have air, Armand must go forth to the Luxembourg Gardens, and there rack his brains to find some way out of the difficulty. "*Adieu, maman, chérie. Je t'embrasse, je t'adore.*" And then, twopence for Père Jean. Also, a bock for Père Jean. Cries Armand, "A *chef-d'œuvre*, a veritable *chef-d'œuvre !*"

However, it comes to pass that the students of the Latin Quarter rise and exclaim, "Père Jean, you must en arge your *répertoire*. Your masterpieces are getting old. Create brand-new masterpieces. But Père Jean, grieved, wounded in his *amour propre*, replies, "Find someone else to create masterpieces, or—if you can—create them yourselves. Farewell." And away goes old Père Jean to the Faubourg St. Antoine, where he is received with open arms, where he is immediately commissioned to spread emotion amongst the belles. A grimy wine-shop: and seated at a rude table is old Père Jean writing. He broods, he broods ! Now he sips his sour red wine ; at last he smiles. The Muse has graciously responded, and down goes the first line of the heart-disturbing ode, "*Te souviens-tu, ma belle ?*" A frigid belle, who could resist the ode ? A flinty belle, who could have forgotten that first romantic meeting ? Germaine, *ma belle*, speak ; Germaine, *ma bien aimée*, smile. Germaine, I am Georges, your Slave. And George the Slave rejoices. And George orders sour red wine for old Père Jean, and presents him with his fee. And slowly and laboriously Georges copies out the ode. "*Elle sera heureuse,*" cries Georges the Slave.

Is Germaine made happy by the ode ? If she be as universally admired as a certain Jeanne, then will she read that ode for the twentieth time. Yes, no less than twenty gallants of St. Antoine have sent that ode to captivating Jeanne. She knows it by heart. She can recite it from start to finish, without once hesitating. She is tired of "speaking" and of "smiling." She is sick of "slaves." Hairdressers, grocers' assistants, mechanics, and other suitors of St. Antoine have called upon beauteous Jeanne to "oust all anguish from their tortured souls." So do the gallants rise and exclaim : "Père Jean, you must compose brand-new odes." Replies Père Jean, "You shall have new odes. But a brand-new ode will cost a franc." And Père Jean buys cheap editions of the poets. And Père has odes ready for both the brunette and the blonde.

Thus does Père Jean know all the gallants, all the belles, and all their *affaires du cœur*. He can say, "Yes, Marie is a good girl." He can cry, "Beware of Gabrielle." And he can affirm, "Henri is excellent ; René is jealous ; Joseph has neither heart nor honour." Moreover, he can claim the credit for having brought Paul and Henriette together. "I made that marriage," he may boast. Or—he may declare with equal truth —"It was I who saved Adolphe from the greedy clutches of Joséphine." Yes, Père Jean is a master at breaking off engagements ; Père Jean is a genius at checking an *affaire du cœur*. Asks a gallant, "What shall I say ?" Replies Père Jean, "There is only one thing to say." "I know everything—farewell !"

But the gloom ? No, I have not forgotten the gloom ; it is there, still there, in the sombre faubourg of St. Antoine. The hairdresser, the grocer's assistant, the mechanic, the hundred and one young gallants are in despair. They love, they love—but cannot for the life of them express themselves. They would win their queen with the rarest, most seductive compliments—yet find, to their dismay, that they can only think of clumsy, stale banalities. Lost ! The little, frail old man, with the thin piping voice and straggling white hair, has just passed away at the honourable age of ninety-three.

JOHN F. MACDONALD.

## PARIS WEEK BY WEEK

*As depicted by our Special Artist*

1. The craze for realism has reached such a state that professors of Egyptology are thinking of calling up the departed spirits of fashionable young ladies of 2,000 years ago for the benefit of showing Parisiennes how to dress.

2. Fashions in hats are, so to speak, in a transition stage. The practical section of society is thinking of adopting a sort of mechanical hat, which will answer to the delicate pressure of fair feminine fingers after the manner of an opera hat.

3. Owing to the craze for expeditions in search of the poles, it is said that the fashionable vehicle in Paris is to be a sleigh drawn by reindeer. Snowshoes are to be the fashion in footwear, and the thermometer will sink lower than consolidated funds.

# MATTERS MUSICAL

**The Songs of Richard Strauss**

Those people who did not go to St. James' Hall last Wednesday evening—and it was really a pity to see so many vacant seats—missed one of the most delightful music meetings London has had lately. True, the programme consisted only of some sixteen short songs of Richard Strauss, sung by his wife, the composer being at the pianoforte. But each is an exquisite gem, a tone-picture in miniature, for Strauss is a consummate master of the art of song: he has taken up the art-form, where the world's greatest song-writers have left it, and endowed it with his own peculiar genius. The result is wonderful, and, personally, I think that, as a song-writer, Strauss will outlive his symphonic fame. The great merit of his songs is the marvellous way in which he reproduces, as a whole, the mood-picture suggested by the poem. By means of wonderful master-touches in the accompaniment, every shade of thought in the poem is followed, voice and piano being woven together into a harmonious whole. Frau Strauss sang her husband's songs magnificently, and the composer himself accompanied her in a marvellous manner, his playing being most poetic and full of light and shade. Truly Strauss is a most versatile musician.

**Gerardy's 'Cello Recital**

Jean Gérardy, wonderful as a child-musician, has fulfilled the promise of early youth, and is now to be accounted in many ways the most remarkable of living 'cellists, as his recital at St. James's Hall last Thursday proved. Gérardy's strongest points are his wonderful purity of tone and the delicate finish of his playing. In these days of astounding technique, it is perhaps hardly necessary to say that his command over the instrument is unequalled; but he has the rarer gift—that of true musicianship. It is a pity, however, that there is not a larger amount of really good music for the 'cello. The Salo Concerto which the artist played is in truth a dreary work, and the Haydn Concerto is scarcely more satisfactory. And then at the end there was the usual "dish-up" of pieces written mainly to show off technique—a Chopin Étude (arranged by the player), a "firework" piece by Popper (who in his day was an equally fine player), and so forth.

Yours sincerely
Max Darewski

**A Youthful Musician**

Little Max Darewski, the child-musician, whose portrait is here reproduced, is one of a number of musical prodigies that have arisen lately. When only six years of age, and knowing nothing of musical notation or training, this remarkable child composed a little waltz, which he has since written down, and which Dan Godfrey has orchestrated and played at Bournemouth. His teacher, Professor Carl Weber, predicts a brilliant future for him.

# FROM ABROAD.

**The Nile for Pleasure and Sport**

Egypt has been aptly described as the world's winter playground, and certainly the Nile might with equal justice be termed the world's "Stream of Pleasure." Indeed, Lord Rosebery's oft-quoted epigram, "The Nile is Egypt and Egypt is the Nile"—is an apophthegm, by the way, which was only borrowed from Herodotus, the father of history. It is not the place here to enlarge upon the supreme interest of the Nile to historians, antiquarians and artists; for, of course, the Nile Valley is the cradle of the oldest civilisation and culture in the world. Egyptologists and students form, after all, a small minority of the visitors to the Land of the Pharaohs. I am now mainly concerned with the recreative and sporting aspect of the "Stream of Civilisation." In short, no visit to Egypt can be considered complete without a Nile voyage. For travellers of a sociable disposition, who do not care for the expense, coupled with the aloofness, of the *dahabeah*, there could not be a more enjoyable, and indeed luxurious, method of "doing" the antiquities of Upper Egypt than that afforded by the magnificent Nile steamers.

**A Record Season**

The Nile season this year promises to be a record one, and the berths in the tourist steamers are filling up as fast as the rooms in the great Cairo Hotels, while more *dahabeahs* were chartered by the beginning of last month than has been the case at the same period for many years past. There are, no doubt, special reasons why this winter the attractions of Egypt have proved so irresistible. The great army of sun worshippers has been materially increased, owing to the abnormally rainy summer just past, and naturally those who can afford it turn their thoughts to the land of perpetual sunshine. Then the visit of the Prince and Princess of Wales to Egypt next January, *en route* to India, has naturally proved an additional inducement to the fashionable world to spend their winter *villegiature* in Cairo. Last year the expectation that the Great Delhi Durbar would induce a large number of visitors bound for this historic pageant to stop in Egypt on their return was only realised to a slight extent.

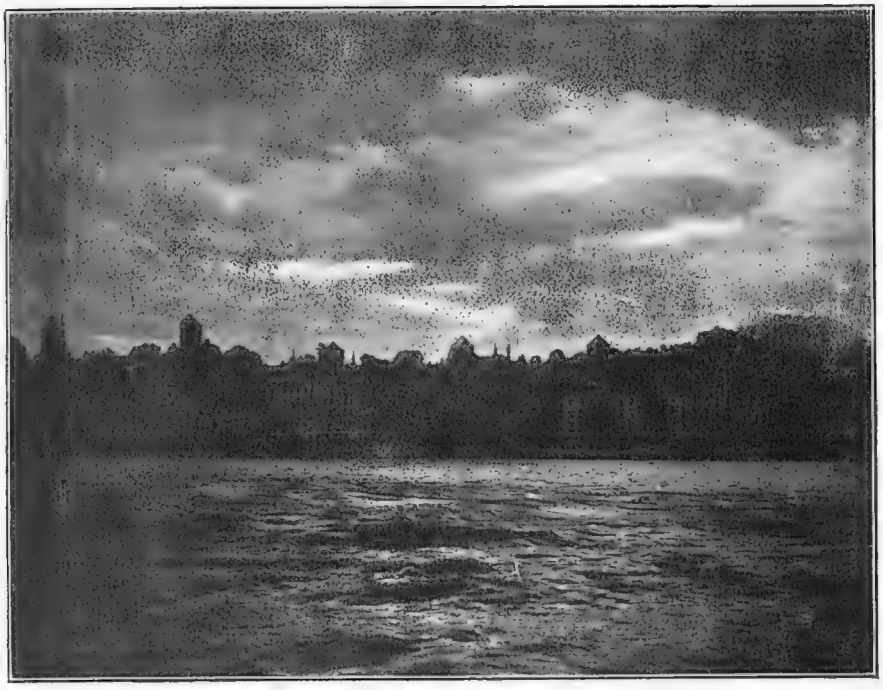
**An Expensive Tour**

As a matter of fact a large number of the globe-trotting *beau monde* had evidently underestimated the enormous cost of the Indian tour, and were compelled to forego a visit to Egypt's capital. In plain English, they appear to have spent all their money in the Land of Ind. Nile travel beyond Khartoum may reasonably rank as exploration rather than touring, and the admirable facilities afforded by the Government steamers to travellers in general and sportsmen in particular for travelling in the heart of the Soudan will probably attract a large number of tourists ambitious of big game shooting.

**Sportsmen in Uganda**

Among the sportsmen who have already started for Northern Uganda are the Marquis of Bute, while the well-known big-game shot, Sir Edmund Lechmere, who found excellent sport in the Soudan last winter, intends shortly visiting this region, and will no doubt render a good account of himself. A special handbook (price 5 piastres) has been issued under the auspices of the Government, giving full details of the sporting regulations. Readers will be amused to find in this official handbook a sly hit at the indifferent shooting of certain sporting tourists, when after gravely setting

A Beautiful View of the St. Gothard



Lucerne—A Moonlight Photograph

forth the prohibition of shooting from steamers or *dahabeahs*, it makes an exception in favour of crocodile shooting, though this is calculated to be more dangerous to the native population on the banks than the crocodiles! I have no space here to give details of the *dahabeah* voyage. These houseboats of the Nile are no doubt costly luxuries, but it may be mentioned that a party of three or four sportsmen, one of whom knows the country and the language, who require no dragoman or other luxuries, could hire a native *dahabeah*, as distinct from a tourist one, for some £25 or £30 a month (including wages of a reis and half a dozen rowers), while the commissariat need not exceed 10*s.* or 12*s.* a head per day. A camp servant, in lieu of a dragoman, at £5 or £6 a month, should be hired, while the reis might act as cook for about £4 a month. Two months at least should be allowed for the voyage from Cairo to the First Cataract and back, and three months for the return voyage to the Second Cataract. The regular south winds, the "Nile trade winds," make it comparatively easy to keep to the itinerary. At the same time anything like hurry is utterly opposed to the tradition of Nile travel.

**An Anglo-American Colony**

Lucerne is fast becoming more and more a residential district for Americans and English people. A few years ago its season lasted but a few months in the summer. Now, however, the Hotel National as well as the Schweitzerhof, both of which are absolutely tip-top, keep open all the year round, and what with this and other advantages many English people now spend the whole year in this most beautiful town.

**The Arno at Florence, showing the famous Ponte Vecchio**

The Arno has overflowed its banks owing to the heavy rains which have prevailed in Italy

Malta—Valetta Harbour

**The Sunny South**

Heavy rain has been falling in Naples lately, and those who visited this charming resort in order to escape the recent spell of bad weather here, arrived there but to find a prolongation of the rains. Perhaps no place on the coast of Italy is so attractive in fine weather as the Bay of Naples, and nowhere is there—owing to the physical conditions of the atmosphere, caused by the volcano of Vesuvius—so much uncertainty as to the weather which may be encountered there. At all times, however, the Bay is delightful to behold; even when the sky is lowering and the mist is off the land, the wonderful colour of the water is in itself an attraction. Moreover, it is so conveniently accessible to many points of interest. Beyond the immediate environment of Naples and Pompeii there is, for example, Amalfi—where, by the way, Mr. A. W. Pinero is at present taking a holiday—which, in itself, is almost an ideal spot in which to pass a pleasant hour pleasantly. Near Naples, too, there is quite a large colony of English and Americans. Lord Rosebery possesses a villa on the outskirts of the city, and Mr. Marion Crawford has, some time since, removed from Florence to this romantic spot.

**Malta in Favour Again**

Some years ago Malta was a much-frequented resort during the winter months of the year, especially for ladies, who were attracted by the social gaieties and the large amount of military stationed there. Of late, however, Cairo has somewhat eclipsed this curious little brown island in the Mediterranean, not only probably because of its greater scope for amusement—a very important reason, too—but the hotels in Malta were execrable, while those of Cairo are noted. Malta, however, seems to be gradually winning its way again in the

Naples from the Bay

favour of those who winter abroad. Life there is less strenuous than in Cairo. It is more convenient to reach than the Continent, and is infinitely cheaper.

**Flooded Italy**

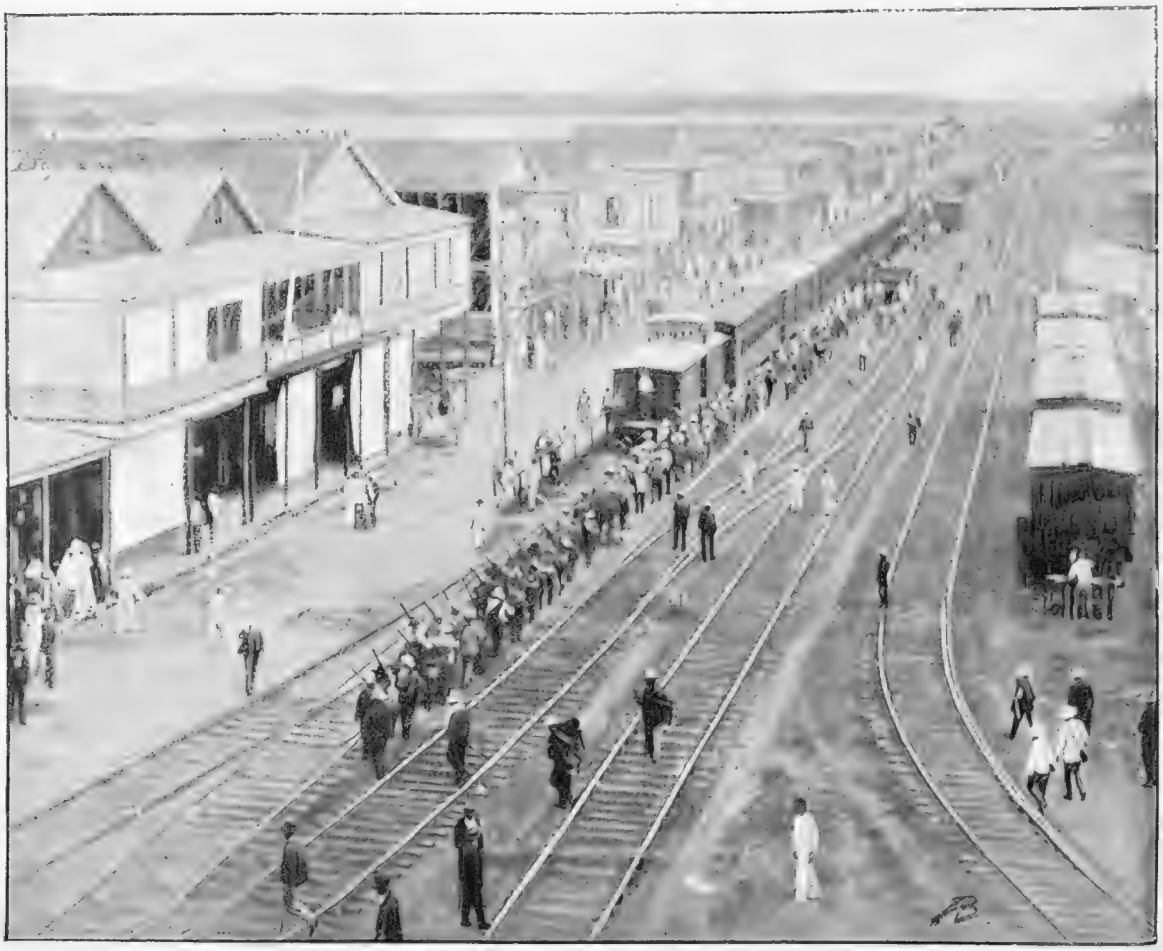
The wet season throughout Italy has been heralded this winter by quite exceptional rains. Wind and the rain combined have caused the Italian rivers to overflow their banks. The result has been unfortunate indeed, causing widespread disaster. The Arno has flooded the low-lying part of Florence, while the Tiber has risen thirty-seven feet above the high-water mark of past winters. Such an event has brought consternation to Rome, where the people, much as was the case a few days ago in St. Petersburg, have had to improvise rafts, boats, and pontoons to maintain communication between the various quarters of the city. Gales and high seas on the Adriatic, similarly, have caused a like unhappy development in Venice, where the canals have discharged themselves over the streets. Great damage has been wrought, of course, although, at the present moment, the precise dimensions of the destruction cannot be gauged. Many curious scenes, however, were enacted both in Rome and in Venice, the spectacle of the Faithful venturing forth to Mass across the face of the waters being one to remember. In Venice, the Piazza of St. Mark attracted a gay throng of gondoliers, the depth of the inundation at this point allowing boats to land their fares upon the very steps of the Cathedral. In fact, the floods in Italy, as in England, have lately been the prevailing topic of conversation. They have caused much lamentation, but at the same time have been met by the populace in the proper spirit of facetious humour.

**Panama**

The *coups d'état* by which the subjects of Colombia residing in the District of the Panama Canal defied their countrymen and declared their independence a few weeks ago, has already resulted in a tremendous amount of jobbery in all directions. We shall in the future have to reckon Panama as simply a convenient *alias* for the United States of America. Our illustration shows a train about to leave the station at Panama *en route* across the Isthmus carrying soldiers for the purpose of guarding the new frontiers.

**Arcachon**

In spite of the bad weather which has been lately experienced at Arcachon, the links of the Golf and Country Club have been much frequented for the last two weeks. The links are very good; and, when completely finished, will count among the best in France. The tennis courts, which are situated in front of them, will be ready in a few days, and report says they have extremely good light, and will be delightful to play on. Arcachon is becoming more and more popular among Anglo-Americans wintering abroad.



Entraining for the Front—Soldiers leave Panama to Guard the New Frontiers

*Drawn by* *A. J. Wall*

**"Widowed"**

# THE WORLD OF ART

## The National Art Collection's Fund

The National Art Collection's Fund was not established a moment too soon; nay, several years too late. Had it been in existence in 1900, the exquisite little Rembrandt landscape—and landscapes by this greatest of the Dutch masters are of extreme rarity—might be in our National Gallery instead of in the Rijks Museum. The executive is now on the alert, however, and, acting through an independent buyer in whom all place reliance, there is "glad, confident morning" ahead, if only the great public, the few rich folk, supply the sinews of war. We could wish the Hamilton Palace Dante drawings of Botticelli, the memory of whose beauty is ineffaceable, back in this country, as a spur to immediate action. But these drawings are treasured as hardly anything else in the Print Department of the Berlin Museum.

What, if anything, will the Fund do about works by Whistler? The nation possesses nothing, save etchings by the butterfly genius; indeed, the "Carlyle" of the Glasgow Corporation Gallery, bought for £1,000 in 1891, is the only picture in a British public collection. We cannot at any price acquire "My Mother," that, in its way, incomparable portrait arrangement, for which the Luxembourg paid 4,000 francs. Then, examples are leaving this country with alarming rapidity. One of the best collections of etchings, brought together by a shrewd and appreciative Scotsman, was some time ago procured by Messrs. Wünderlich, New York, for £3,000, regarded at the time as a considerable sum, although, to-day, much more would be realised. "Rosa Corder," valued at but 230 guineas in 1890, has gone to the United States at not far short of £5,000; "La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine," once hung in the famous Peacock room at Prince's Gate, bought by Mr. Alexander Reid, of Glasgow, for 420 guineas at the Leyland sale, 1892, has, within the past few weeks, been sold by Mr. William Burrell to an American for exactly £5,000. Mr. Burrell owns the equally well-known "Fur Jacket," looser in touch, less detailed, for which he is asking £10,000. Possibly, by this time, it has, like "La Princesse du Pays de la Porcelaine," with every precaution taken against publicity, been shipped to the United States.

Now, dealing in works of art is one thing, rejoicing in them for their own sake another. Many hold that the two are in conflict. In any case, the National Art Collection's Fund will, with authority, be able to appeal to the patriotic sentiment of owners of desirable works, and thus, in some cases at least, avoid an exodus of treasure, which for long has been far greater than most connoisseurs are aware. Dealers, if they willed, could reveal much. THE BYSTANDER addresses itself to cultured persons. Let each do what in him lies to stop this drain from Britain—Scotsmen, apparently with much justice, are taxed with being chief among the delinquents—of objects of beauty. Beauty, be it remembered, is the soul of culture.

FRANK RINDER.

## Gossip About Art Matters

In outline, at any rate, the forthcoming Winter Exhibition at the Royal Academy is not particularly attractive. Sight of works by Sir Thomas Lawrence issues almost invariably in regret that we have not, instead, portraits by Reynolds and Gainsborough. Portraiture was suffering decline when Lawrence was at his zenith, and he could neither free himself from the burden of a too fine tradition nor create a worthy style of his own. There are to be prominently represented, too, three recently deceased Royal Academicians and one Associate: Henry Tanworth Wells, an ardent defender of the Academy as it is, who died in January; John Callcott Horsley—"Clothes-Horsley," of *Punch*, the Horsley soit qui mal y pense of Whistler's quip—who died in October; Harry Bates, whose promising career was cut short nearly five years ago; and Onslow Ford—the last two sculptors. More attractive to connoisseurs is the promised collection of Italian bronzes, including many medallions, by craftsmen of Renaissance times.

At the Whistler sale in the Hotel Druot, Signor Mancini carried off, for 3,100 francs, a beautiful study of the nude, in pastel. Mancini, two of whose pictures are now at the New Gallery, is in technique an eccentric. In one of his works in the recently opened Mesdag Museum at The Hague, the pigment sticks up in places to the extent almost of an inch. Sometimes, again, he boldly incorporates, as a shirt-stud, for instance, a piece of silver-foil. Nevertheless, Mr. Sargeant is said to admire his clever performances.

To whatever extent critical opinion may differ as to most exhibits at the New English Art Club, Mr. William Strang's portrait-drawing, "Davie," Holbein-like in its simple austerity, is on all hands admired. Soon Mr. Strang starts for the United States to work with pencil and needle, to lecture on etching and on Holbein. His portrait of Mr. Neil Munro, the interpreter in letters of one side of Highland life, as of another, is Fiona Macleod, quite recently executed, is one of many of his autumn successes.

Mr. Holman Hunt's original design for the "Claudio and Isabella" picture of 1853, at the Old Water-Colour Society's, serves afresh to raise the question as to how much pre-Raphaelite Millais was indebted to Rossetti, how much to Mr. Holman Hunt. Millais' contention was that to the still living artist he was at that time chiefly, nay, almost solely, indebted; and the drawing in Pall Mall accords with this view. What passionate intensity there is, by the way, in Mr. Holman Hunt's interpretation in black and white; strong, nevertheless, with a sense of colour, of the "enskied and sainted" Isabella, and Claudio, by the barred window of the prison. The visiting sunlight is as a spiritualising *leit-motif* in Wagner's *Ring*.

I wandered into the New English Art Club a day or two ago, and was again struck by the remarkably fine landscapes, "The Shower" and "Richmond Castle," by Mr. Wilson Steer.

Monsieur Rodin — how comical the great names sound with that fantastic prefix! — has been elected President of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Engravers, in succession to Whistler.

This is "great year" at the Royal Academy Schools; and the gold medals and travelling studentships are by this time settled by the ballot of the Royal Academicians in council. The prize-day is December 10.

Mr. Nicholls, the secretary of the Continental Gallery when it was in Bond Street, has now joined the management of the Doré Gallery.

The Holland Fine Art Society, in Grafton Street, has an exhibition of modern pictures.

Rodin, whose great work, "The Thinker," is to be cast in bronze this week for the St. Louis Exhibition

Mr. Sutton Palmer has his one-man show at the Fine Art Society's, in Bond Street.

The proprietors of the Leicester Galleries are to be congratulated on their shows of works of art. There is in one of their rooms a collection of pictures in water-colours by some of the younger artists which is quite charming, and their intelligence in bringing together good exhibitions ought to bring them success. Mr. Alfred East, the Academy Associate, is here represented by more than one poetic and exquisite little work. Mr. Alexander shows a fine thing called "The Dove Cage," to say nothing of his "Wasp's Nest," both treated in the subtle manner with musical decorative sense and in the silvery and grey-buff way which he has made his own. Mrs. Stanhope Forbes sends a couple of charming pictures entitled "Autumn," in the second of which, however, she seem to think that the knight-errantry of youth has a good many ghosts of broken-hearted ladies to make atonement for when manhood awakes from dreams and realises what flirtations have brought about. Mr. Rackham scores a success with his quaint "Miller's Daughter;" Mr. Cameron more than once with his "Village in Normandy" and other characteristic red and tan and brown pieces; Mr. and Mrs. Young Hunter are both charmingly represented, and a little colour note by Whistler adds a delightful touch to the collection. And I would add that the miniature-hunter would do well to look at a Cosway of "William Goodrich of Scarborough" and a Cornelius Jansen of "Thomas, Lord Clifford of Chudleigh" that lie in a showcase.

# IN THE SALEROOM

Christie's picture sale on Saturday, December 5, consisted chiefly of works by living artists, though including several important examples of Landseer, Leighton, and Herring, as well as a fine pair of Morlands, and a few isolated paintings by well-known masters of the nineteenth century. The prices realised by many of the erstwhile popular favourites at this sale afford at once a valuable object-lesson and a striking instance of the speculative nature of fine art in general and pictures in particular, regarded strictly from an investor's point of view. Of course, pictures by a well-known artist invariably command an inflated price when offered within a short period of his death; the fact that the deceased man has put the last touch to his last work being uppermost in the mind of the buyer, whether amateur or professional. Making every allowance, however, for this sentimental factor, he would, indeed, have been a bold and far-seeing man who, when Landseer's "A Highland Lassie" made 590 guineas at Baron Grant's sale in 1877, less than four years after the artist's death, would have ventured to prophesy that in a quarter of a century this same work would drop to less than a twentieth part of the price then realised.

A SLUMP IN PRICES

Yet such, indeed, was the case, since on Saturday it was knocked down for *(horresco referens!)* 25 guineas. A somewhat similar fate befel two charming little landscapes by the late Lord Leighton, which only made 14 guineas, as against over six times that amount paid for them at the artist's posthumous sale in 1896, when of course the sentimental element was again to the fore. The slump in Goodalls was also brought once more into prominence, when his somewhat unwieldy though important religious work, "Neither do I Condemn Thee," brought only 45 guineas, despite, or possibly because of, its 92in. by 108in. dimensions. The silver lining to this gloomy cloud was mainly contributed by B. W. Leader—most unequal of artists—two of whose small pictures fetched between them 300 guineas; while a singularly charming pair of Morlands, "The Soldier's Departure" and "The Soldier's Return," afforded the excitement of the day, being acquired by Martin Colnaghi, after a keen duel, for 530 guineas, a good price even for such refined Morlands as the pair in question undoubtedly were.

"SHAKESPEAREANA"

On Monday, the 7th, Sotheby's held a sale of so-called "Shakespeareana," consisting of autograph letters and various objects made from the inevitable "mulberry tree." The autographs, though of friends or patrons of the dramatist, were in no cases appended to letters either to him, or even treating of him or his works; while as for several of the other relics, any man to accept them as genuine, on the evidence adduced in the catalogue, would require the contents of a salt mine in addition to several bushels of mustard seed. Both these aids to belief seem, however, to have been forthcoming in the required quantities, since, for a silver spoon with the mystic initials W. S. and A. H., a provincial hall-mark (date unstated), and engraved at an unknown period with a full-length figure of the dramatist and the date of his death—meagre proof in all conscience!—an enthusiast was found to bid the sum of £75. Presumably it had some real value, merely as a piece of early silver.

AN UNFLATTERING PORTRAIT

A remarkably uncouth portrait of the Swan of Avon, cumbered, moreover, with various pregnant inscriptions both back and front, fetched, for apparently similar reasons—or the want of them—a matter of £131; and a clumsy statuette of Shakespeare, made from the long-suffering Mulberry tree by, or for, a Stratford shopkeeper in 1759, was valued at £40; while a pretty and interesting inkstand—also from the "Mulberry," and presented by the corporation of Stratford to George Keate, the poet and friend of David Garrick, in return for services rendered to the memory of Shakespeare—made £120. This really authentic relic was either sold or bought in a short while back for less than half yesterday's price. At the same sale, a unique copy of a totally unknown issue of the fourth folio Shakespeare, with seven added plays—a large copy and unwashed—made £215, while at Puttick and Simpson's, on the same day, another "Mulberry" relic, this time in the form of a pedigreed armchair, made from this accommodating tree, elicited a bid of £80.

SALEROOM NOTES

Despite the rain and general external gloom, the jewel sale at Christie's, on Thursday, was of a remarkably lively nature, and exotically high prices were realised all round; although the optimistic prophecy of one of the leading dalies that the two lots of pearl necklaces—one containing 153 finely graduated pearls, the other 198—would, between them, reach £30,000, was slightly in excess of the actual figure—namely, £6,500 apiece, or £13,000 the two, less than half the daily's joyous hazard. The other high-priced lots were: Collet necklace of 43 large graduated brilliants, £1,503; circular cluster pendant, with large round brilliant in centre, surrounded by eight smaller stones, £1,200; sapphire and brilliant cluster and scroll tiara, £780; pearl rope of 136 white graduated pearls, £1,050; a Latin cross, composed of 11 large brilliants, £780; and a remarkably fine ruby and brilliant ring, £460, with £260 for the preceding lot, a gipsy ring set with an exceptionally fine square emerald and two brilliants.

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Without unbecoming pride we may truly say that it is rarely a journal presents so delightful a supplement in colours as the one we are giving with this number. Mr. Dion Clayton Calthrop, the painter of "The Tempted," and of its companion picture, "The Temptress," which will be given away with our third number, is a young artist of rare attainments. He has exhibited at the Royal Academy, at the Royal Society of Water-Colours, and is recognised as one of the coming young men of the day. The original picture of "The Tempted" shows, in a panel beneath, why and how the youth depicted gazing out of a window is tempted, but, unfortunately, the size of our reproductions prevent the panel being included.

# "At the Sign of the Times"

By R. E. Vernède

**Meditations upon England's Indebtedness**

How far, as a nation, we are indebted to the United States is a question that occurred to me in looking through one of those books which American ladies love to write and American publishers love to publish, on the psychology and proper treatment of children. To begin by digressing, I would say that our obligations to other countries are obvious. To Germany we owe music, for example, and lager beer and the criticism of our generals' methods of conducting campaigns; to Russia we owe the material of many shilling shockers; from Turkey we have got a taste for Turkish delight and atrocities (both apt to cloy); from France, the few manners we possess; Italy has shown us a decline and fall more splendid than many risings; Spain, the charms of being moribund and never having to run for a train; Greece (and here I speak of modern Greece only), the way to repudiate a debt when the time comes. The time, of course, has not yet come for us, and we temper our gratitude accordingly. Indeed, for what we have received from these nations, we manage to restrain our gratitude so effectually that they are hardly aware of its existence.

**To America, among other Countries**

Towards the United States we behave very differently. For quite a long time now we have given them to understand that our feeling for them is one of fervent and irrepressible gratitude. Precisely why this should be I do not know. The extent of their benefactions is, after all, dubious. We do not really welcome Yellow journalism, tariffs, or the art of pushing. Mr. Chamberlain forbids us to welcome all dumped goods, which we were disposed to think were, at any rate, cheap. We are unable to find any use for the Monroe doctrine, electrocution, or lynch law; and we are not offered canvas-backs, which we should probably like. For what, then, are we grateful? Personally, I am grateful to the States for two things—"The Jumping Frog" and after-dinner speaking, though I cannot help reflecting, in the latter case, that it is after-English dinner speaking. This may be insular and mistaken. There remain two other things still for which some people think we may reasonably return thanks. One is the example which American business-men set us of working hard—and of this I have only time to say that, in my opinion, our grandfathers tried it and found it did not pay in the end; the other is the very matter with which I started—namely, the work done by American ladies in infant psychology.

**Brings to Mind an Episode on the Brocken**

No library is complete without some examples of this work, which is always good reading; but I had wondered at times how many centuries would elapse before we understand the exact value of it. For children, particularly other people's children, are not easy to understand; nor do I know that a handbook of psychology would have been helpful in the course of an episode I witnessed once in the Harz Mountains. The scene was the top of the Brocken, the famous windy hill of the Spectre, and in the pleasure of watching a most substantial German family who were finishing glasses of beer preparatory to descending the mountain side in the carriage which had brought them up, I forgot that I had come to see the Spectre. The family consisted of a stout father, a stout mother, and five stout children, each of whom had strapped to its back one of those green sausage-shaped tins which German children take to picnics. The eldest son might have been nine, but his legs were like small balloons. As the carriage drew up and the father, panting heavily, lowered his wife and children in one by one, this young rascal, unnoticed, slipped in front in order to pull the horse's tail, and, precisely as the carriage started, fell plump under the wheels. Others besides myself gave an anguished "S-s-sh" as the wheels rolled on, and the boy was revealed, howling lustily on the ground. "Is that thou, Fritz?" cried his father, furiously. "Yes, father," yelled Fritz. Before one of us could rush to the spot and lend a hand, Fritz's father had plopped from his seat, seized up his son by the scruff of the neck, cuffed him smartly on either side of his head, and deposited him in the bottom of the carriage. "Forward!" he exclaimed to the driver.

**Which, Viewed Philosophically,**

Now the psychological father would have hesitated to do this. I should have hesitated to do it myself. My first impression was that the boy's legs must be broken, until I thought of the stoutness of them, and the probability of the father who had brought him up and given him a green sausage-tin knowing better than I could. Then I began to realise that outraged Nature always retaliates. Porky had undoubtedly outraged the feelings of his father, not to mention those of many bystanders—all a part of Nature. Nature, in the guise of a wheel, had attempted retaliation, but had failed, owing to Fritz's fatness. She succeeded only in the guise of Fritz's father. A psychologist would have interfered and hindered Nature from having her revenge for the time being. But in the end Nature would have won, either by making Fritz shoot the psychologist, or by inducing him to fall under another and heavier carriage, which might have flattened him.

**Appears to Concern Pedagogues**

This is not an argument, so to speak, for the rod. From a boy I have been in favour of sparing the rod. But there are other things which a child may be spared besides the rod, and one of them is that perpetual and officious

vivisection of its ways and habits (sometimes called "infant psychology"), followed by a pandering to the same, which results in a *blasé* pertness that renders some children a terror in the land. Too many toys, too many books, too many anticipations and fulfillings of wants that are only half felt, spoil for a child its own life, which is a life of dreams in a world of dreams. You may scout on the frontiers of that country, Pedagogues, but you may not go in and map it out except to the child's peril. You can add little to it, and destroy much. Better to let them come out of it themselves in due time, as they will, to find the world you live in. They will find that good only if they find it new. . . And if they do not find it new, they will become pedagogues themelves. . . . if I may leave off without returning in so many words to my subject.

# The Late Mr. Herbert Spencer

In spite of his age, it came as a tremendous blow when we learnt that Herbert Spencer was no more. The great philosopher was born at Derby, on April 27th, 1820, his father being a schoolmaster. From his earliest years he betrayed a reflective and thoughtful mind far beyond his years. His father, who was himself a remarkable man, first initiated him in philosophical experiments, and at the age of thirteen he was sent to study with his uncle, the Rev. Thomas Spencer, Rector of Hinton, with whom he worked for three years, making great progress, especially in mathematics. At sixteen he was sufficiently advanced in geometry to invent a theorem of his own, and he published it, with the pride with which one gives birth to one's first literary effort, in the *Civil Engineers' and Architects' Journal.* For the next few years he vacillated between civil engineering on the London and Birmingham Railway and the attempt to earn his living by his pen. His whole life exhibits the sacrifices he has personally made for the sake of those principles which, without any sense of personal advertisement, he has given us for the good of the human race. No publisher would undertake his "Social Statics" in 1850, and the edition of 750 copies, which he printed and sold himself, took fourteen years to dispose of. Again and again he found that, far from any material gain by his works, he was losing money heavily, and were it not for the fact that various legacies were made to him by fervent admirers the world to-day would have been deprived of some of its greatest philosophical masterpieces. Herbert Spencer had one of the sweetest and most gentle of dispositions, and, like all really great men, was very simple in his tastes and requirements. Of all men to-day, Spencer was not only distinguished in his own particular sphere, but his name was of world-wide renown, and he will go down to posterity as one of the immortals.

*Photo by* **Mr. Herbert Spencer** *Ernest H. Mills*

The great philosopher, whose death is deplored by the whole civilised world

## The Seventh Hell of All the Russias

"In the Uttermost East." By C. H. Hawes. (London: Harper and Brothers. 1903.)

Gradually is the great Asiatic Continent becoming eaten up by the Western Barbarian; Great Britain on the south, Russia on the north and west, Japan on the east, are all advancing by degrees towards the central tablelands.

Of this condition of unrest, the large number of books this year dealing with Asiatic exploration is a sure indication; and of these books Mr. Hawes' "In the Uttermost East" is by no means the least engrossing.

It is a little startling for those who regard Russia as a social and political anachronism—and this in some respects at least she certainly is—to realise that to-day, seven thousand miles from her capital, on an island which fifty years ago was universally believed to be a peninsula, is situated one of her most important convict stations, and that all the land between is also in her hand.

It is the worst class of convict which appears in Sakhalin; of the 7,000 odd engaged in hard labour in 1898, nearly 3,000 were murderers, and the rest mainly incorrigibles, whose sentences had been augmented for various misdemeanours elsewhere.

Life on the island, as may be imagined, is not particularly safe, and the danger is aggravated by the presence of escaped convicts of the most desperate character. Robbery, invariably accompanied by murder, is frequent, and four of the individuals with whom the author became acquainted fell victims to foul play during his short stay there. The chief obstacle to progress, however, is to be found in the executive; to be sent as an official to Sakhalin is in itself a punishment, consequently the class of men entrusted with the convicts is not the best.

The picture drawn by Mr. Hawes of official life is not a savoury one. Drunkenness, speculation, gambling, and other forms of vice are the rule, combined with an absolute indifference with regard to the welfare of the well-behaved ex-convict. Nor is there any reason to believe his account exaggerated. He implies that the penal laws themselves are not in themselves unreasonably harsh, and admits that improvements are being made. It is only with one regulation, as such, that he finds serious fault; that which encourages "marriages" between convicts by the mitigation of the sentences of the contracting parties. The expedient of colonisation by a class whose hereditary moral taint has been fostered by the atmosphere of immorality in which they live, has already been recognised as doubtful by the French in New Caledonia; still a great deal may be done by careful organisation, and the history of Australia should afford hope for the future prosperity of Siberia if only the higher official appointments are filled by competent men, who will interest themselves in the welfare of the ticket-of-leave man. It is another question whether Russia is yet sufficiently advanced to be able to dispense with the capital penalty, except in the case of murderers of officials.

To turn to lighter subjects. One of Mr. Hawes' objects in visiting Sakhalin was to collect information concerning the Ainus who inhabit part of the island. Though he was unfortunately prevented from carrying out his intention, yet during his journey down the river Tim, in the north of Sakhalin, he met with many Gilyaks, and his observations regarding their mythology and customs are a valuable addition to the ethnography of this little-known people. The Gilyaks are usually considered to be mainly of Tungus stock, though related also to the Ainu. Their custom of wearing fish-skin garments, which was noted by the early Chinese annalists, still survives, though it seems to be slowly dying out, owing to the importation of cloth.

In their method of preparing their food, which consists mainly of fish, and their habit of accompanying their songs by beating on a plank, they resemble the Indians of the north-west coast of America, though they are on a far lower scale of civilisation. One of these songs is quoted in full, and contains a great deal of poetic feeling. Their religion consists in the worship of certain vague spirits presiding over woods and water, and their reverence for the bear, which is ceremonially slaughtered, is common also to the Ainus. The Shamanism of the Tungus tribes is also practised, though the "Cham," or Shaman, has declined in power since the arrival of the white man. Valuable observations are also made on the Golds and Orochons, tribes of the true Tungus stock.

On the way to Sakhalin the author passed through part of Korea, with which he was not favourably impressed. The houses in the "towns" were little more than mud huts, and the official at one of the post-offices only discovered that fifteen twos make thirty by a laborious process of addition. Add to this the fact that the Korean is convinced that work in general is beneath the dignity of a man, and there seems little probability of his being able to hold his own between Russia on the one side and Japan on the other.

Viewed in the light of recent events, the author's statement that in 1901 there were over sixteen thousand Japanese in the country against ninety-seven Russians, is interesting; as is also the remark, made to him by a Japanese, "What is there to go to war with Russia about? Korea? We are *settled* in

Korea—witness our merchants, our own settlements at Fusan, Gensang, etc.—just as truly as Russia is in Manchuria. It is as futile for her to attempt to turn us out of Korea as for us to evict her from Manchuria. Moreover, we older heads realise that to go to war with Russia would be to stake our very national existence on one throw of the dice."

On the whole the book is well written and of absorbing interest, and there is a useful glossary of Russian and Gilyak words employed in the book, with a few directions as to pronunciation. But though the use of terms in the local language is permissible, and even convenient, the unnecessary introduction of foreign words should be avoided. Certainly, a form of sentence such as the following is not very commendable: "He gave me the benefit of his observations of the tribes of the island, having, in the course of his duties, *parcouru* over a large portion of South Sakhalin." But this, of course, is a detail. The illustrations are from photographs, of which the series representing the sacrifice of the bear among the Gilyaks is particularly interesting.

## Some New Novels

"The Yellow Crayon." By E. Phillips Oppenheim. (Ward, Lock.)

"A Trip to Venus." By John Munro. (Jarrold and Sons.)

"The Odd-Job Man." By Oliver Onions. (John Murray.)

There are plenty of critics now who exhaust their philippics at the expense of modern fiction, but for our own part we doubt if England has ever seen a time when the average of novel-writing was on so high a plane as that of the present day, or when three such masters of the art as Meredith, Hardy, and Henry James were all writing in the same tongue. We hold these views strongly, although, perhaps, the books we are about to mention may not support our argument very fully. Next week, or the one following, the average will be improved and our contention proved. Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, although no genius, is admirably adjusted to the environment his readers supply. He knows them to the very heart of their being. He does not appear to wish to improve their taste, but is wisely content to provide an ever-increasing stream of excellent stories—popular, lucid, exciting, and occasionally human. "The Yellow Crayon" (Ward, Lock) is a first-rate example of his well-known method. It will, we feel sure, be greatly read, and give delight to all those who have already followed his many heroes and heroines to their ultimate happiness through a network of mysteries and adventures, escapes, and bewildering catastrophes. These things trip upon each other's heels in "The Yellow Crayon," and give one no time to note that the characters are sometimes a little mysterious for the sake of the game, and sometimes talk rather more for such effect as they may produce upon the reader than becomes them. Do princes, up to their eyes in secret societies and deeply sunk in political intrigue, use such sentences as, "Such men are only fit to be crushed like vermin under foot. In any other country save England we should have dealt with him differently"? But, no matter. With an occasional echo of the old Adelphi pre-Duse manner, the tale goes on with a brave air and *élan* that carries one away. Mr. Oscar Wilson gives some extremely good illustrations of many incidents in this story, and helps the author very agreeably.

Mr. John Munro, who writes "A Trip to Venus" (Jarrold and Sons), on the other hand, is not helped by the pictures which attempted to aid him; they are particularly uninteresting, and rob the characters of such a trifle of life as they originally possessed. But then "A Trip to Venus" will not help our average of quality. It tells, in a manner far too familiar, a romance of two worlds. One of those terrible visits to another planet which can be so deadly dull. We happen, ourselves, to think that even Mr. Wells does not make these trips very amusing, and that he is infinitely better in the style of "The Wheels of Chance," or even better still in "Love and Mr. Lewisham," and therefore are quite unable to welcome Mr. Munro's essay in the direction of "yonder hundred million spheres."

The author bravely quotes Tennyson's lines—

> "This truth within thy mind rehearse,
> That in a boundless universe
> Is boundless better, boundless worse."

and proves by his book that in the boundless universe of planetary romance his place is in the latter category. For although ingenious and instructive, there is a fatal lack of conviction in his method that makes the book tedious to all but those lucky readers whose hearts are young and whose minds are not deeply interested in the art of fiction for fiction's sake. For those who happen to be so interested, the facts that an important, but rather pert, astronomer should be named Professor Gazen, and that the incidents are all machine made, and although no doubt original as far as Mr. Munro is concerned, the idea has been pretty well worked already, make the book rather boresome. But we believe there is a public for this sort of thing, a fresh generation of readers who view these things freshly.

"The Compleat Bachelor" and "Tales From a Far Riding" have given one a sharp appetite for any book from the pen of Mr. Oliver Onions, and now that his long novel, "The Odd-Job Man" (John Murray), is spread before us, we hope for a flow of reason and perhaps a flash of wit. That his latest work is worthy of his earlier books is certain; that it places him high in the second class of present-day novelists is sure; but it is also true that from his title to the final careful little picture of Marcia, De Winter, and Oddy in the twilight of Kensington Gardens there is something that jars, something that occasionally makes one aware of the author, and rids the picture of *vraisemblance* and interest. Nomenclature in a novel or a play is highly indicative of the author's power as a story-teller. It is a tiny point; but to call the book "The Odd-Job Man" and the hero of it Oddy argues a lack of self-criticism which we should have thought impossible to such a writer as Mr. Onions, who, in the form of his sentences, the choice of his diction, and general method of presenting an incident, appears ultra-finical and literary

# Gossip About Books and Their Makers

**Richard Whiteing Back to Town**

I am glad to know that Mr. Richard Whiteing, whose latest novel, "The Yellow Van," is having a great and deserved success, is taking up house in London again. He is so essentially a townsman that it was a surprise to me when he quitted his old home in Bloomsbury for his cottage at Northaw, Hertfordshire, early this year, for I remember him saying to me that the only attraction of the country was the delight of coming back to town. He is now busy arranging his new house in London, and settling down to work on his next long novel. Mr. Whiteing, by the way, has given more years to journalism than any English author who has ever achieved an eminent position in literature, as he was for so long a period as thirty-three years actively engaged on the Press. He began life as a pupil of Benjamin Wyon, the celebrated engraver.

Mr. Frank T. Bullen, who has just completed another novel, which bears the tittle of "Sea Puritans," is a popular author who seems to be enjoying country life at Melbourn, in Cambridgeshire, whither he removed from Dulwich nearly a year ago.

**An Echo of Grub Street**

The average English reader will probably not be much wiser in knowing that Gerald Griffin was born in Limerick just a hundred years ago this Saturday; yet Gerald Griffin was one of the bravest souls ever known to seek literary fame in London. Proud as young Chatterton, he, too, was almost starved into despair, finally abandoning the struggle by entering a monastery in Cork, and devoting himself to the education of the children of the poor. He died two years later—in 1840 to be exact. If Griffin be remembered at all by English readers it is by his "Collegians," which is also issued by one or two English publishers under the title of "The Colleen Bawn," for it was upon "The Collegians" that Dion Boucicault founded his famous drama. This was the book which O'Connell delighted in calling his favourite novel, and it has been described elsewhere as "one of the most perfect prose fictions in the world." The immediate success of "The Collegians" was one of the few happy incidents in the author's career, but it did not greatly improve his position. We are given an interesting sketch of the desperate straits to which he was reduced, in an American book on "Irish Life in Irish Fiction," just published by Messrs. Macmillan. "He lived in wretched lodgings," says the writer, "in poverty as extreme as ever a Grub Street penny-a-liner survived, going sometimes for days without food, and toiling all the while at a pace beyond human nature to endure. Pride forbade him to own himself vanquished. 'That horrid word "failure,"' he wrote to his brother; 'no, death first.'"

Poor Griffin! He seemed to know that he was doomed to die while his powers were still unacknowledged. To quote his own pathetic lines:—

> "With this feeling upon me, all feverish and glowing,
> I rushed up the rugged way panting to fame,
> I snatched at my laurels while yet they were growing,
> And won for my guerdon *the half of a name.*"

*Photo by* *Elliott and Fry*

**Mr. Richard Whiteing**

Author of "No. 5, John Street," and "The Yellow Van"

# CONCERNING LORD HUGH CECIL

Hugh Richard Heathcote Gascoyne-Cecil, Member for Greenwich since 1895, is one of the most notable of the younger men in politics. Most people know this, but none realise it so fully as those who happen to be aware of the very intimate and peculiar connection that existed between Lord Hugh and his father, the late Marquis of Salisbury, whose companion and disciple he was from childhood.

He is the fifth and the only unmarried son of the great statesman, and the fact of his bachelorhood helps out that not very correct notion of him as a priestly and ascetic character which is so widespread, and which his strong attachment to the interests of the Church of England put into the public head. How little of the purely clerical spirit there is in Lord Hugh Cecil may be gathered from a little incident of a few years ago which his opponents seem too ready to forget. In 1899 there was a discussion in the House of Commons on an objection to the presence of the Bishops in the House of Lords. Lord Hugh Cecil maintained, of course, that the Bishops should continue to sit as Peers; but he added that in his opinion the time had come for the summoning of the heads of the Nonconformist communities to the House of Lords as well. He claimed for the President of the Wesleyan Conference and other Free Church leaders the same influence in the national councils as the Bishops possess. It was, again, entirely from a layman's point of view that certain plain-spoken criticisms of the clergy in the *Saturday Review* were written by him. He is a staunch champion of the Church, but not more so than his father before him; and it is merely the accident of his frail and stooping figure, together with the earnestness he puts into all he undertakes, that make it so easy for the caricaturist to show him as a High Church curate. The caricaturist might do just the same with Mr. G. W. E. Russell, so far as views go; but Mr. Russell, as the song says, "Hasn't got the figure or the face," and Lord Hugh Cecil has both.

Nevertheless, it was as a defender and helper of the Church, and as very little besides, that the public knew him until a few short months ago. Perhaps his bold and startling rush into the thickest of the Fiscal fight as a Free Trade champion, and the amount of work and vigour he is putting into that purely secular question of politics, will induce people to give up regarding him as simply the Bishops' representative among the Commons. But some of his sayings and doings of the past few years will not soon be allowed to drop out of remembrance. The ingenious and not very "sporting" Parliamentary trick by which he lately prevented the passing of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill got him tremendously abused on all sides, and was probably the origin of the name of "the Hughligans," applied to the little knot of young Tories in the House, of which he and Mr. Winston Churchill are the leaders. The principle of that Bill, by the way, was courteously described by Lord Hugh as "a mixture of treachery and lust." The phrase is less well-remembered than his statement on the Education Bill that he regarded the school as "an annexe of the Church," which led to a painful difference of opinion in what Lord Rosebery once called "Hatfield's festive circle;" for his uncle Arthur, speaking as Prime Minister, rejoined that he regarded the school as "an annexe of the family." Lord Hugh has also drafted, and introduced without success, two Church Discipline Bills.

A curious story attaches to Lord Hugh Cecil's record as an upholder of the claims of the Church. At the time of his second election to Greenwich he was asked to open a bazaar, and consented to do so without understanding that the affair was under the patronage of the Presbyterian, and not the Established, Church. He did not find this out until the opening day arrived, and then there seemed to be every possibility of an awkward scene arising; for Lord Hugh declined to proceed without the express permission of the local vicar. That magnanimous man however, promptly gave his full consent when applied to, and the Nonconformist bazaar was declared open by Lord Hugh without more demur.

At Oxford, where University was his College, he did well, like his father before him, and after taking "first" in the History school, obtained a fellowship at Hertford. Between his Oxford days and his election to the Greenwich seat in 1895 he was one of Lord Salisbury's private secretaries. During those years and to the time of his father's death, the influence of that great mind was no doubt steadily at work on the young man. Certainly, much of his father's political creed, and much of his manner in debate, as well as his feeling toward religion and the Church, is seen again in Lord Hugh. A certain scorn and intolerance in his tone towards opponents that not seldom marked the father's Parliamentary manner, unrelieved by the father's grace of humour and curious vein of half-cynical philosophy, have prevented the son from becoming as popular in the House of Commons as many men of less worth. His great abilities, intense earnestness, and devotion to work, coupled with his hardness and lack of the sense of respect required in a young member, have laid him under the suspicion of being a "superior person."

Still, that has happened to many great men in youth. It happened to Gladstone, whose tendency to lecture and to preach to the House in early days must have been as strong as Lord Hugh's. He may not rise to the great things that many observers predict for him. The marked detachment of his mind from the ordinary currents of political thought, his habit of having his own peculiar reason for doing everything, and openly declaring it, seem like drawbacks to a man under a party system. Yet his father had precisely those drawbacks. Lord Hugh is no longer what he was—a dark horse. He is a horse worth watching. His future may be an illustrious one. But the most inspiring political idea he seems to have confessed to up to the present is a mild approval (confided to Mr. Dod) of "well-considered measures of social reform;" which seems a little indefinite.

**Lord Hugh Cecil. M.P.**

**Some Scotch Gardens**

We publish this week photographs of scenes in three beautiful Scotch gardens. The broad borders at Terregles, Mr. Charles Galbraith's place in Dumfriesshire, must be masses of colour in the summer time. The children filling their baskets make a pretty picture. The old summer-house shaded from the heat and the festooned gateway are from Lord Hamilton of Dalzell's garden in Lanarkshire.

**Climbing Polyantha Roses**

The Crimson Rambler having attained such popularity, the growers have lost no time in providing varieties of a similar habit. Of these Aglaia, Euphrosyne, and Thalia are the best known. They are sometimes called the white, pink, and yellow ramblers. Aglaia is perhaps the best of these. It is very free growing and its flowers are scented. But its "yellow" is a pale one and changes to white when the blooms are expanded. Euphrosyne has certainly been beaten by the later Psyche, a sport from Crimson Rambler, which gained an Award of Merit from the Royal Horticultural Society in 1899. In 1899, too, there came from Germany a long, single cluster rose, Polyantha Leuchestern, which has hardly become so popular as it deserves. It is rose-coloured, with a white centre, and delightfully decorative. In 1901 we had two acquisitions, Dorothy Perkins, with sweet-scented shell-pink flowers, and Queen Alexandra, which gained the Gold Medal of the National Rose Society. This is a cross between Crimson Rambler and *Multiflora simplex*, and its colour a deep rose. As such progress has already been made, we may hope within a few years to get a really yellow—a butter-coloured—Rambler, and a good white one. We also want scent, and above all "perpetual" bloom. The profusion of the climbing cluster rose is too striking for us to be content with it only in the flush of summer. We want it in the autumn as well.

**China Roses**

I think one of the most beautiful things in my garden last year was a large bed of China roses, which bloomed continuously from June until the plants were moved in the middle of November. The variety was Laurette Messiny, which can hardly be beaten for the delicacy of its shell-pink colouring, shading to orange at the base of its graceful, loosely knit petals. It flowered so profusely, even in the first year, from tiny plants imported from France, that branches of it could be cut for jars and vases.

*Photo by* *Reid*

**Summer Flowers at Terregles, Dumfries**

*Photo by* *Reid*

**A Gateway at Dalzell**

in the house, carrying opened blooms and buds together, and we found that an exquisite contrast of colour was made by arranging it with ripe lavender. This autumn, therefore, I have replanted it in a border under the house, mixed with young lavender bushes, and next summer may be expected to show a very lovely combination.

**Roses and Rosemary**

Miss Jekyll, I find, has been before me with this idea. In her "Roses for English Gardens" she writes:—

> The old Pink China Rose is always welcome, with its pretty clear pink colouring, its dainty scent and neat foliage. It makes compact low hedges, but I like it best grown with Rosemary bushes. They look just right together, and seem to enjoy each other's company. I like to plant them in some place at the foot of a rather warm wall and to train some of the Rosemary to run right up the wall, with other Rosemary bushes free of it in front, and to have it in plenty and the China Roses sometimes in groups of three or four, sometimes singly, and some also trained up the wall among and between the Rosemary bushes.

This passage, curiously enough, is indexed "China Roses and Lavender." Rosemary or lavender, whichever it is, the combination is beautiful, and I have used both. With my rosemary in a large corner bed at the angle of a wall and a fence of larch poles, I have planted fifty Madame Eugene Résul roses. This is a sport of the Laurette Messiny and deeper in colour. It is difficult to say which is the more beautiful

**Garden Furniture**

The little "Handbooks of Practical Gardening," published by Mr. John Lane, are unequal in the treatment of their subjects. Every now and then appears one that is worthy of being placed on the most frequented shelf of the garden library and constantly referred to, while there are others which would add nothing to the knowledge of even a moderately instructed gardener. The twenty-second volume of the series has recently been published under the title of "The Book of Garden Furniture." It is written by Mr Charles Thonger, and contains chapters upon seats, garden and summer houses, archways and treillage, pergolas, gates, fences and edgings, sundials and statuary bridges, fountains, urns, vases, tubs, etc. The author's ideas upon his subject are in accord with those of the best-known and most modern authorities, but a book dealing with nothing but what is freely known as garden furniture might have been expected to present new features of detail, or, at any rate, to treat of what is generally accepted with some degree of freshness. This is where Mr. Thonger fails, and one can only say that, to follow his instructions, would preserve the novice from committing the most obvious faults of taste. It would not inspire him to any striking effects of garden decoration. Nevertheless, his handbook is of great service to the amateur gardener, containing, as it does, much useful information on the wide subject of garden accessories.

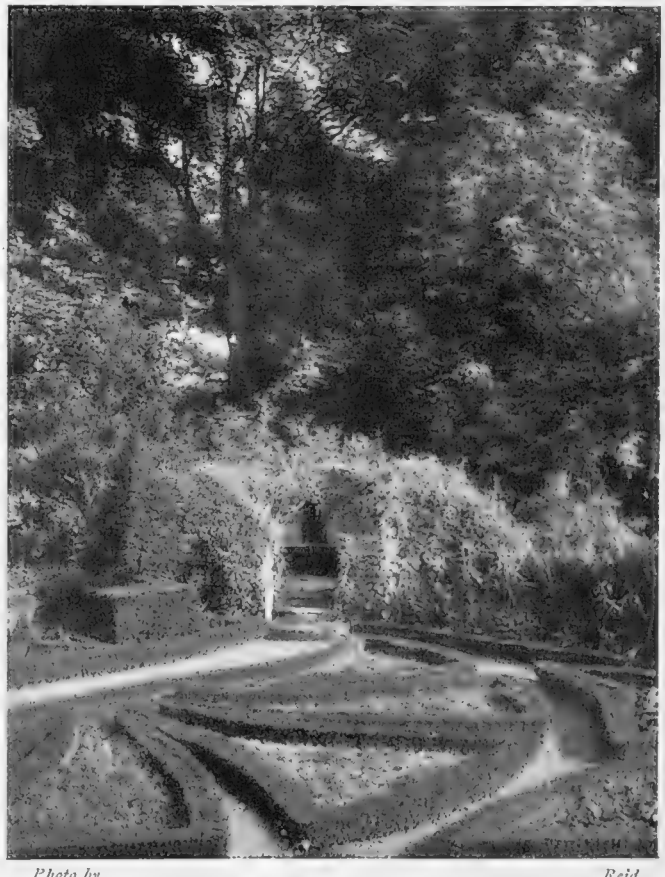


*Photo by* *Reid*

**A Summer House at Dalzell**

**Concerning Women's Clubs**

It is to be hoped the day is far distant when women's clubs shall have become a glut in the market. Yet certainly they are increasing in London at an alarming rate. One might, in fact, parody an old and famous saying by, "It is a fine day, let us go out and—found a woman's club." I suppose the number of clubs proves, if it proves anything, the growing gregariousness of women. But is this gregariousness a desirable feature? Does it make for greater happiness? Personally, I am opposed to this eternal segregation of the sexes, as evidenced in such institutions as the woman's newspaper (which men generally ignore because they think it is all fashions and frivols), the woman's club, the girl's school, and so on. I think that, just because men and women are so fundamentally and entirely different, in order to understand each other better, and each other's attitude towards life and affairs, the great need is for common meeting-grounds, where common interests may be emphasised. Why seek to maintain the barriers of sex by unduly marking the division of interests?

**The Ladies' Military and Naval**

But this is quite a serious aspect of women's clubs; and since it is fashion and facts that count, I come to the latter. The very latest foundation is the Ladies' Military and Naval Club, of which Miss Lilian Henniker is secretary. The offices are at 163, New Bond Street, and for the present the Empress Club, in Dover Street, will (by arrangement) be used by members. When the membership justifies the taking of suitable premises, then the Ladies' Military and Naval Club will launch out independently. The object of the club, as stated, is "to provide ladies, relatives of military and naval officers, with a club which shall rank equally with the leading Service clubs of men." The Duchess of Devonshire and five Countesses head the imposing list of vice-presidents. It is purely social in character.

**For Lady Journalists and Others**

Another club is, of course, the much-talked-of Lyceum, of which I have also received a prospectus. This promises to be very useful to journalists among others. It is to be both social and residential, and membership will be confined to women "who have published any original work in literature, journalism, science, art, or music; who have university qualifications, or who are wives or daughters of distinguished men." Colonial and foreign members will also be received, and this cosmopolitan element is a particularly happy inspiration. It is scarcely likely that the Lyceum Club will materialise for some months, as its organisation is on a very large scale. Miss Constance Smedley, the playwright, is honorary secretary. Before me, too, lies a circular of the new Arachne Club; but I have said enough about clubs for one day.

**Some Shows**

I have been to a variety of "shows" since writing last. The least exhilarating was the first performance this season of the Stage Society. They had chosen to present Gorki's "The Lower Depths"—a piece gloomy and depressing as its title—translated from the Russian by Mr. Laurence Irving. The venue of the piece is a night refuge in Moscow, with its strange medley of hapless wastrels. The author himself has tasted of the lower depths; hence the intense realism and sadness of the picture he has drawn. Mr. Farren Soutar, who played a thief, was so got up as to resemble the late Robert Louis Stevenson. Then I went, on the first day, to the sale and exhibition of the Working Ladies' Guild, which was held in the Gallery of that very attractive rendezvous, the National Skating Palace (once Hengler's). Princess Henry of Battenberg graced the occasion by opening the sale and presiding at a very representative stall. With her was Princess Ena, who, when she was not too busy selling, seemed to take a keen delight in watching the skaters below. The clever ladies of the Guild must have worked very hard to produce such a number of lovely specimens of needle-craft as were exhibited, to say nothing of the marqueterie, wood-carving, etc. Bookbinding has lately been added to the Guild's arts, and Miss Gedge, who is teacher there, had one or two exquisite books on view which she herself had designed, executed, and bound. At the Woodbury Gallery, New Bond Street, a small but representative exhibition of Arts and Crafts is open, and remains open till the end of the month. There is some fine hand-beaten silver work among the exhibits, which also include enamels, pottery, bookbinding and leather work, furniture, and wood-carving. Two of the exhibitors there of hand-beaten silver, Mr. Omar Ramsden and Mr. Alwyn C. E. Carr, have been holding a show of their own lately, to which I went. Their work in metal is immensely interesting. The designs are strong, and the workmanship is also first rate.

E. M. E.

Our Short Story

# A QUESTION OF LOCALITY

By NELLIE K. BLISSETT

"Marriages," said Lady Agatha, "are made in ——"

"I've heard you say that before," cut in the Duke hastily, and with a profane grin. "You might tell it to Tom —— he'd be glad to know you thought so highly of him."

"I don't," returned Lady Agatha with unguarded candour. "I gave up thinking highly of Tom about six hours after I married him. I am not talking of Tom, but of you."

"Then I wish you wouldn't," her brother remarked frankly. "It's no earthly good, and it rubs me up the wrong way. Aggie, you go and marry other people, there's a dear girl, and leave me alone."

"If I thought that it was leaving you alone," said Lady Agatha, unmoved by this appeal, and plainly referring to fresh dangers, "I shouldn't so much mind. But it isn't."

Her tone of awful meaning was so suggestive that the unhappy Duke fidgeted in his chair.

"You're so jolly rough on a fellow, Aggie," he said at last with embarrassed meekness.

"Oh, *I'm* not rough on you. We were brought up together," said Lady Agatha finally, "and I know what to expect. But I see what a dangerous position you're always putting yourself in. One of these days you'll go too far."

The Duke shuddered—visibly and ostentatiously.

Lady Agatha stirred her tea and nibbled a muffin with a meditative air.

"You'll go too far," she resumed, not without a certain dismal triumph in the idea. "You'll get caught!" Her tone hinted capitals. "Women are so enterprising nowadays."

"Especially when some wretched beggar's to be married," her brother put in grimly.

"Well, you won't take my advice and get it over before there's a catastrophe," said Lady Agatha. "I'm sure I've suggested heaps of girls to you—really eligible girls, the kind of girls even I wouldn't mind being sister-in-law to. I can't say more."

"You're awfully good," he murmured faintly.

"There was Evelyn Denning, last season. You can't say anything against her—you couldn't at the time. And she would have jumped at you."

"There isn't one of 'em that wouldn't," said the Duke sadly. "That's the beastly part of it. I don't *want* to be jumped at. It's a disgustin' idea."

"I don't know what you want," retorted his sister, with a touch of temper, "and I don't know what you call disgusting. It's natural."

"It isn't," he burst out, driven to desperation. "That's just it. It isn't *me*."

"You?"

"Well, they don't care a hang—about me, you know."

Lady Agatha put up an eyeglass and stared at her brother.

"Dear me," she said coldly, "I didn't know *that* was it. Poor, dear Gosford! You're actually romantic—with your appearance! Sandy hair, and a snub nose—and romance. What a combination!"

The unfortunate Duke turned pink with wrath and confusion.

"Oh, I say, Aggie, that's going a bit too far. Leave my nose alone, anyway."

Lady Agatha glanced at the feature alluded to with melancholy scorn.

"If I had had anything to do with your nose it wouldn't have been that shape," she said. "I have always been noted for good taste, particularly in furniture. But I was saying——"

"I wish you would leave off," snapped Gosford.

"It is my duty to put things plainly to you, Gosford, if no one else does. There was Evelyn Denning—a quite irreproachable little thing. You couldn't find fault with her if you tried. Her hair was the last shade, and she played Bridge——"

"There was nothing she didn't play," cut in the Duke grimly. "She even tried to play me."

Lady Agatha stiffened in her chair.

"Pray don't be humorous, Gosford. It doesn't suit you . . . Then there was that pretty American. If you want a clever wife——"

"I don't," Gosford interrupted hastily. "I'm not up to that sort of person. I—I should bore her, I'm afraid."

His sister ignored this statement.

"She was *particularly* bright. With a little training—which I should have given her—she would have been perfect. She would have managed everything so well."

"That's what I felt," said the Duke. "She would have managed so beautifully that I might as well never have existed at all. They're very thorough, those American girls."

Lady Agatha made a gesture indicative of despair.

"That's you all over, Gosford. You don't know what you want. You only know what you don't want."

The Duke chuckled suddenly.

"Oh, come, I'm not so bad as that, Aggie," he said. "I know——"

He broke off with a touch of embarrassment, which did not escape his sister's lynx eyes.

"What do you know?"

The Duke hedged.

"You never did agree with me," he said. "You won't now. But I'm not going to marry any of these paragons of yours. I hate paragons! Always did. You like plain speaking, Aggie. Very well. If I married Evelyn Denning, or your American, I should be in the Divorce Court in six months."

"Gosford!" Lady Agatha's tone would have shrivelled a rock.

"Sandy hair and a snub nose—and romance. What a combination!"

"It's true. Why should I stick to a girl who marries me merely for the purpose of becoming a duchess—eh? Will you tell me that?"

Lady Agatha rose majestically.

"If you are going to talk like that——"

"I am. And you'll be good enough to sit down and hear me out."

It is an astonishing fact that for the first time in her life Lady Agatha obeyed her brother. She sat down, in ghastly silence, and listened.

"It's not a scrap of good your trotting out all these young women," he went on, "because I won't have 'em—there! That's straight, I think. And if I would, I couldn't. That's straight too."

Lady Agatha looked at him.

"Why couldn't you?" she inquired, with distinctly human and feminine curiosity.

"Because I'm married," he said calmly.

Lady Agatha became rigid.

"Do I know her?" she gasped.

"No, you don't. She isn't one of your paragons, thank heaven!"

Lady Agatha relapsed for a moment into her former ghastly silence.

"Tell me the worst!" she said at last. "What is she?"

Her tone left no manner of doubt as to her opinion of her brother's probable choice.

"Her name is Connie Fellowes—or was," said the Duke, with the satisfied air of a man launching a final bomb at society at large. "She dances at the Hyperion."

The ghastly silence deepened to a dreadful intensity. When Lady Agatha spoke it was with the cheerful expression of composing an epitaph or a dirge.

"I might have known," she said, "that she would be something disgraceful."

The Duke chuckled again.

"Disgraceful?" he said. "You should see her do a high kick—by Jove, she can kick too. She's a clipper, I can tell you, is Connie."

Lady Agatha rose.

"I've no doubt of it," she said, with dreary irony. "I beg your pardon, Gosford. I should never have attempted to influence you in any way. 'Birds of a feather ——'"

"Jolly sensible proverb that," said the Duke. "A lot better than the other one. Marriages made in Heaven, indeed!" He sniffed. "By the way, Aggie, where do you suppose my marriage ——"

But Lady Agatha had vanished. Her brother, glowing with a delightful sense of emancipation, sat back in his chair and lighted a cigarette.

"She won't be quite so certain of the locality in future," he said.

## FAITH

I.

Faith moveth mountains, faith alone,
As Doctor Dowie well hath shown;
More palatable far than pills,
  Faith by imagination cures
Imaginary ills.
A due amount of dollars, paid
  Cash down, ensures
A quick relief, a painless aid
  For all diseases ever known;
And all the doctor's stock-in-trade
  Is faith, and faith alone.

II.

Faith moveth mountains, faith alone;
Yet moveth not the hearts of stone
Of creditors, to make their wills
  In Dowie's favour; they present
Instead their little bills—
Ay, more, repeatedly request
  A settlement!
Those *little* bills, be it confessed,
  Are but by courtesy so known;
And Dowie cannot pay, being blessed
  With faith, and faith alone.

L. de Gernon.

## THE POOR CHILD'S PLAYGROUND

Two jaded members of the unemployed were wearily engaged in killing time in the comfortable smoking-room of a West End club. "I see," said one, "they're goin' to put down organ-grinders. 'Bout time, too. Why on earth should they come and worry me when I'm readin' or writin' or anything? What?"

The clubman addressed lighted a fresh cigarette.

"Yes," he said, "I quite agree with you. Their row doesn't do anyone any good. As far as I can make out, the way they get their living is that people pay them to clear out. Why doesn't Chamberlain take up the case? Dumping impecunious Italians on our shores and all that? Eh?"

"Yes, I know. We have to tolerate them, so that a greasy beast of an Italian may coin 'nough money to go back and cultivate his ancestral acre. Why can't he stop in his frowsy country, that's what I want to—hullo! Look at the time. I must be off soon. You doin' anything to-night?"

"Me? Worse luck! Got to take my people to a beastly concert, Signor Trumpetino or somebody. You be here afterwards?"

"Can't. Got a filthy dance. I hate dancin': makes you so infernally—well, I'm jiggered! Hear that? Here, waiter! Waiter! Go and tell that organ to move on, or I'll set the police at him. An' bring two more whiskeys and soda. An' look sharp!"

The organ-grinder moved on, with a flash of white teeth and a patient sigh. Tuscany and the little vineyard and the little wife that was to be seemed very far off. Presently he found himself in an evil-smelling slum, where he was sure, at least, of a welcome, if not of a rich harvest of coppers. Choosing a spot where the sloppy pavement was fairly clear of dirty cabbage-stalks he stopped and began to play. Then—

> "Out came the children running:
> All the little boys and girls,
> With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
> And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
> Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
> The wonderful music with shouting and laughter."

For this was the children's playroom, the only place where they could sing and dance. And as they danced, not with the shuffle and hop of the modern ballroom, but with an apparently instinctive grace of intricate steps, to be seen only on the pavement and the stage, they forgot—forgot for an hour the squalid homes and drunken parents, and the blows and the curses, forgot that they were hungry and cold and wretched, that their clothes were in rags and their boots in holes, forgot all this, and the mirthless misery of their lives, and were happy. And the Pied Piper—no, the organ-grinder from Italy, played on and on, and the longer he played the happier the children grew, and the lighter his own heart. And when he stopped, though his store of pence was not one whit heavier, yet Tuscany and the little vineyard and the little wife seemed so much nearer that he went home and dreamt of them all night long—of them and the children of the pavement and other children that were yet unborn.

Gerald Campbell.

# THE MAKING OF A GUNNER

The R. M. A.,
Woolwich

There is a word you often see, pronounce it as you may,
"You bike," "you by kwe," "ubbikwe"—alludin' to R.A.
It serves 'Orse, Field, an' Garrison as motto for a crest,
And when you've found out all it means I'll tell you 'alf the rest.

By what I've 'eard the others tell, and I 'is spots have seen,
There's nothin' this side 'eaven or 'ell Ubique doesn't mean.
An' as their firin' dies away, th' 'usky whisper runs
From lips that 'aven't drunk all day: "The guns, thank Gawd, the guns!"

R. KIPLING.

"Our gunners are not at fault, but our guns." Thus wrote Major-General Sir Archibald Hunter in a despatch in which he took the opportunity of offering some criticisms on the British Army as an effective fighting force.

The gunners received many commendations from general officers during the South African campaign, and worthily sustained the past traditions of their corps. Whatever may be thought about the equipment of the Royal Artillery it is quite certain that the officers and men, as a whole, made the best use of their opportunities, and displayed skill and bravery in action. There are two schools for the education of officers of the British Army, the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, and the Royal Military Academy at Woolwich, commonly known as "The Shop." The former educates cadets for officers of infantry and cavalry; the latter prepares cadets for officers in the Artillery and Engineers. The candidates for admission to the Royal Military Academy must be unmarried and between 16 and 19 years of age, and must pass an open entrance examination. There are 172 cadets who receive for "uniform, messing, washing, and other contingencies," pay at the rate of 3*s.* a day. The course of instruction lasts the year, divided into four terms. The uniform of the cadets is that of officers in the Garrison Artillery, without gold embroidery or badges of such, and somewhat narrower stripes on the trousers. King's Cadets are granted an educational allowance of £40 a year, and must be sons of officers of the Army, Royal Navy, Royal Marines, and permanent Colonial military forces or irregular troops who have fallen in action, or died of wounds received in action, or of disease contracted on service abroad, and who have left their families in reduced circumstances.

Let us suppose that the embryo Royal Artillery officer has come out well in the entrance examination, has been pronounced "physically fit" for his Majesty's Service and is amongst those chosen for the Academy at Woolwich. Having arrived and settled down to his new surroundings, his time will be pretty well occupied with work and play. The daily routine at the Royal Military Academy is as follows:—As early as 6.15

*From* *a. Photo*

A Class of Gentlemen Cadets at work making Entrenchments

*From* *a Photo*

**An Inspection of R. M. A. Students**

reveille is sounded, and at 7.15 comes breakfast parade, which is held in the inner court, a large asphalted space at the back of the library. Many cadets, or "G.C's." (Gentlemen Cadets) as they are termed, do not rise till five minutes past seven, having, by dint of long practice, succeeded in the seemingly impossible feat of cramming a bath, a shave, and dressing into the short space of ten minutes.

The roll-call is taken by the corporals, and the whole company is then marched into the dinner hall for breakfast. Prayers are read by the subaltern on duty from the lectern, the command to "Sit down" is given, and all forthwith proceed to demolish the viands placed before them.

Plenty of good food is provided, and each "table squad" may supplement the official menu as it chooses. The end of the meal is signified by the command "Turn out," and the cadets disperse to employ themselves as they please till ten minutes past eight, when the big bell over the centre building sounds its warning note.

From 8.15 till 11.45, with the exception of a fifteen-minute meal at 9.45, the gentlemen cadets pursue their studies. Some of the instruction is given out of doors, and those who are studying military topography, artillery, fortification, field-works, etc., are given practical exercises in the open air.

At 12 o'clock parades are held for field-gun drill, sword drill, and gymnastics, which occupy about an hour.

At 1.15 comes lunch parade, and the civilian who witnesses this ceremony will be amused to witness the assiduous brushing of coats, trousers, and forage-caps which takes place. The reason for this attention to personal appearance is the inspection of their subdivisions by the corporal, whose eagle eyes are quick to "spot" dust, missing buttons, and other irregularities.

From 2.15 to 3.15 drills are held and riding lessons given. The latter take place in the three schools of the Royal Artillery Riding Establishment, and the beginners have, as a rule, a very poor time of it with their "gees." As he grows proficient the cadet puts on spurs and learns how to jump hurdles.

From 3.15 to 5.15 the cadets are at liberty, and to indulge in cricket, football, swimming, racquets, lawn

*From* *a Photo*

**The Dining-Hall at the R. M. A.**

*From* *a Photo*

**Sports at Tedworth Camp: A Tussle on Bare Horseback**

examinations at the end of each. When the cadet has obtained at the final examination the qualifying minimum of marks, he will be gazetted to a commission as second lieutenant in the Royal Artillery or Royal Engineers, and will be allowed to choose his corps according to his place on the lists.

Those who fail to pass at the end of five terms will be disqualified for a commission, as also will those who fail twice in the half-yearly examinations.

Cadets who do well can hope to gain the King's and Pollock Medals, the Sword, and certain Scholarships. The course of instruction includes mathematics, artillery, military engineering and topography, practical geometry, tactics, freehand drawing, French, German, chemistry and physics, electricity and magnetism, reading, gymnastics, infantry and sword drill, revolver practice, swimming, and a workshop course.

tennis, billiards, and other games. Some amuse themselves in the workshops, and a few "swankers" attend a voluntary class, which is held from four to five twice a week.

From 5.15 to 7.15 all the cadets repair to the classrooms. At 7.30 comes dinner, after which, only the three junior classes and the under-officers and corporals on duty have to parade.

Between dinner, till "Lights out," at 10.30, the embryo sappers or "gunners" disport themselves according to their several inclinations. On two evenings in the week voluntary classes in woodwork and metalwork are held in the shops. For these subjects 500 marks are given at the examinations, and so most of the cadets take them up. The billiard-rooms are largely patronised; "tea squads" are indulged in by those who have rooms to themselves; and twice a week a portion of the Royal Artillery band plays in the School of Arms, and the gentlemen cadets dance in a manner peculiar to the "Shop."

*From* *a Photo*

**Woolwich v. Sandhurst: The Rivals Meet at "Rugger"**

At 10 o'clock every "G. C." must be standing at the door of his room, ready to answer to his name when the corporals on duty make their rounds.

So the days at the Royal Military Academy pass away; and at the end of the year's work comes the final ball, when the fair sex grace the assembly, and on the following day the Public Day is held, when the Commander-in-Chief comes down, accompanied by his staff.

The course of instruction lasts for two years, divided into four terms, with

First term cadets are known as "snookers;" "swankers" are extra hard workers, mathematics is "swat," chemistry, "stinks," and geometrical drawing "G. D." Parents have to make yearly payments, for the cadet has to be made according to the position held by his father; this varies from £40 to £150, and each cadet must pay on entrance £35 towards uniform, books, etc.

The courses of instruction in artillery for officers and non-commissioned artillery officers are held in the principal school at Shoeburyness, from which are drawn every summer special staffs for the field artillery practising school at Okehampton in Devonshire,

*From]* **The Two-Mile Race: "Are you Ready? Go!"** *[a Photo*

and for the school of siege artillery near Lydd, in Kent. On the extensive sandy ranges at the north of the Thames, near Shoeburyness, all the heavy guns are tried, and all experiments ordered by the Ordnance Committee are made.

The Ordnance College at Woolwich trains those Artillery officers who seek employment in the ordnance department, the technical institutions of artillery, the experimental department, and school of gunnery. Courses are held in the College for officers and noncommissioned officers of artillery in the construction and treatment of *matériel* of artificers of different arms, of whom about 250 are in constant attendance at the lectures and who, under the superintendence of the *personnel* of the school, are employed in the technical institutions of artillery at Woolwich.

*From* *a Photo*

**A Lesson in Gunnery.**

The Royal Regiment of Artillery comprises three divisions: the Horse Artillery, the Field Artillery, the Garrison Artillery.

The Royal Horse Artillery consists of 28 batteries, and two depôts, both at Woolwich. It is regarded as the favoured arm of the forces, for it takes precedence of all other troops, and on parade it occupies the right of the whole line, and is always the first to march past. It is recruited by picked men, who wear an especially brilliant uniform.

The Royal Field Artillery consists of 148 batteries. The Horse Artillery, the arm usually employed with horsemen, simply differs from ordinary field artillery in the fact that its gunners ride, while the others walk, retarding rapid progress, because they can do so no faster than other foot-soldiers, or sit on the carriages and add burthens to the team.

The Horse Artillery batteries of to-day constitute, in fact, simply mobile field artillery.

If expense and forage considerations were of no moment, it would, indeed, be better to have all gunners, both of field and horse artillery, mounted, and thus ease the horses.

Mobility is the most vital characteristic which artillery should possess, and, leaving its use by cavalry with the division altogether out of sight for a moment, it is in this respect that horse artillery is always valuable.

HERBERT C. FYFE.

*From* *a Photo*

**Cadets' Smoking-Room.**

## POPULAR FAVOURITES

*Photo by* *W. and D. Downey*

**Miss Marguerite Gray**
Of the Gaiety Theatre

## POPULAR FAVOURITES

*Photo by* *W. and D. Downey*

**Miss Daisy Denvil**
Of the Gaiety Theatre

*G. R. Balance* *St. Moritz*

**At St. Moritz—On the St. Cresta Run**
Two celebrated corners, appropriately called "Battledore" and "Shuttlecock"

# SPORTING

## ST. MORITZ

The winter season at St. Moritz is (writes our St. Moritz correspondent) now getting into full swing. Day by day we have new arrivals who help to fill the hotels and add to the liveliness of the place, and general anticipations are that we shall have a record season—and good skating. Every hotel vies with the other to provide amusement and entertainment for its guests, and what with dances and parties at night, with an occasional night excursion in tobogganes when the moon is full, our time is fully occupied. The manner in which the *restaurateurs* feed us is one of the most surprising things to the stranger. Hidden away in the mountains, twelve hours' sleigh journey from Davos, one would imagine that our food would be, to say the least of it, plain, if plentiful. As a matter of fact, although everything practically is sent by sleigh, we are excellently catered for, and I have dined as well at St. Moritz as in Paris or London. And another thing—St. Moritz is reasonable. One can put up at the best hotels and be "done" well for about 10*s.* a day. There is no better place for a holiday than St Moritz, "The Queen of the Snows."

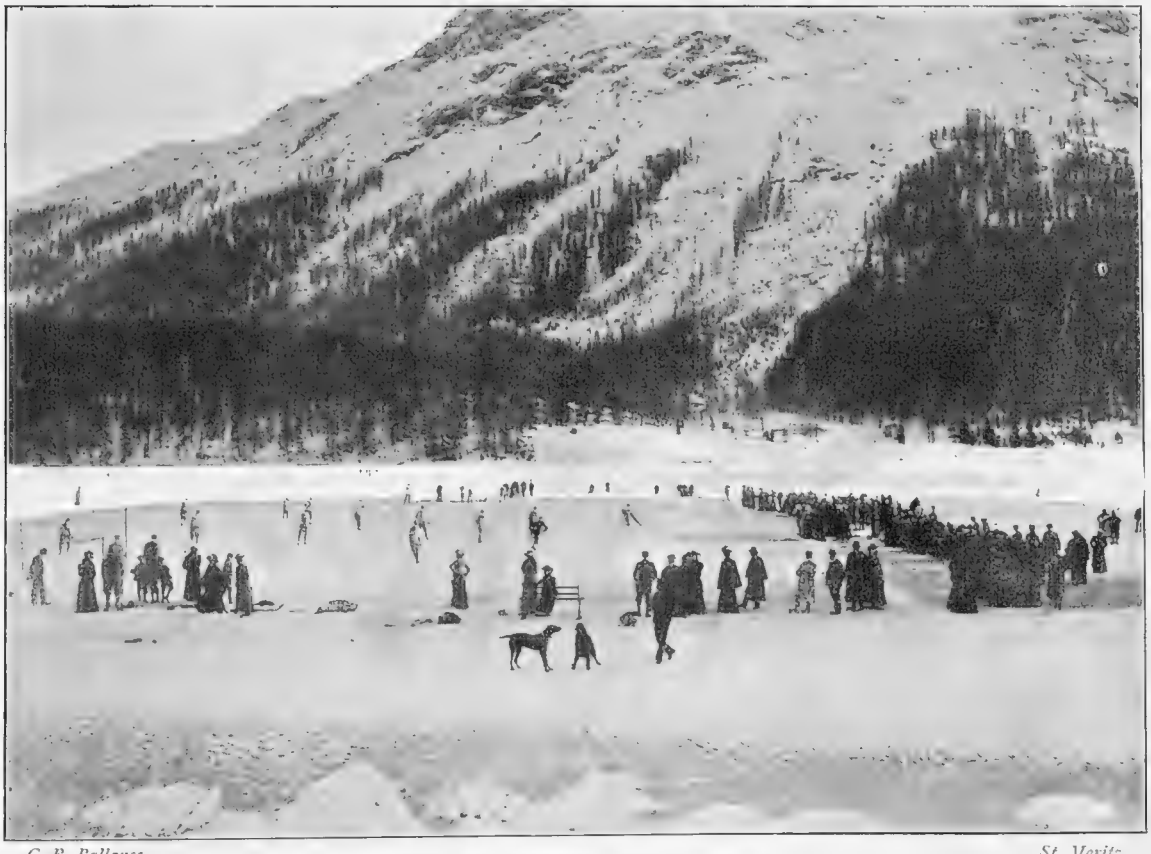
*G. R. Balance* *St. Moritz*

**At St. Moritz—A Sharp Corner on the "Village Run"**
Accidents among beginners are common here, and visitors congregate to watch spills—much to the novice's chagrin

*G. R. Ballance* *St. Moritz*

**At St. Moritz—On the Curling Rinks**

There are few greater enthusiasts than the "curlers"



*G. R. Ballance* *St. Moritz*

**At St. Moritz—A Hockey Match on the Lake**

The portion allotted to hockey is, of course, tabooed by the swell skaters, who, for the most part, look on ice hockey as an amusement for degenerates

*G. R. Ballance* *St. Moritz*

**At St. Moritz—A Venturesome Lady descending a steep run feet foremost**

This is a dangerous position

*G. R. Ballance* *St. Moritz*

**At St. Moritz—A Novice taking one of the banks**

An experienced tobogganist will observe that the lady is in danger of a spill

*From*

**Tobogganing at St. Moritz—A safe if not so exciting a method as others**

*a Photo*

**At St. Moritz—A Ski Runner**

Ski-running is becoming more and more popular

*From* *a Photo*

**At St. Moritz—Assisting a Lady Ski-ist to ascend a gradient**

This is one of the most laborious undertakings in snow and ice amusements

# The Wet Bob

### A TALE OF A SWIMMING-BATH

By Inglis Allen

Although fully aware of the building's twofold character of "Swimming-Baths and Wash Houses," I must confess to feelings of personal pique at the confidence of the tone in which the young lady in the pay-box suggests "Soap?" as I put down my sixpence. But my attempt to remonstrate with her is very soon cut short by the courtly gentleman waiting his turn behind me, who, nudging me impatiently in the small of the back, growls, "*Come* on, George—soap or swim?" I content myself with an emphatic declaration of "Swim!" and receiving my towels, move on, not a little relieved and gratified the next moment to hear that my successor at the pay-box is himself there in the interests of the public health.

Already beginning to wonder whether it would not have been better to wait for the summer, I pass down a long, gloomy passage walled with an unpleasant mottled tiling of a shiny surface, and thus through a swing door into the swimming-bath.

Immediately I feel such ardour as already remains to me from the bleakness of the weather outside leave my veins. The atmosphere is one of almost Stygian gloom, modified by severe gas-jets, beneath which the water broods in uninviting taciturnity. A few shivering forms, each branded as to his sole scanty garment with the name of the parish, hover around the sides admiring the evolutions of a young man who is giving an exhibition of fancy swimming in the deep end. However, the draught consequent upon my entrance drives them into the water again, with the exception of one or two, who, after a visible inward struggle, return to their dressing-boxes.

Summoning up all my fortitude, I turn from the contemplation of the scene and wake a dispirited attendant asleep in a chair with an empty teacup on the ground at his side, who, after revenging himself by providing me with a pair of bathing-drawers of infantile dimensions, with one string missing and the other fast in almost a Gordian knot, goes to sleep again with an air of gloomy satisfaction. Distrusting, under the circumstances, the advantages of a discussion on a subject so delicate as my own proportions, I stealthily abstract a more commodious pair of bathing-drawers from the basket, and, passing up to the other end, enter a dressing-box of a dark, and (as I discover later) painfully gritty interior. Hence in time I emerge (parish-branded like the others) upon the slippery paving, make my way cautiously to the diving-boards, and with a supreme effort take my first plunge.

It is not long before I have had enough of it. As I come up the steps, rubbing the water from my eyes after my last dive, I cannon into a bulky man in unsavoury clothes, who stumbles and treads on my bare toes with a heavy boot.

"Don' mention it," he observes indulgently. "Bin 'avin' a dip?"

Too much occupied with my injured foot to confirm this intuitive conclusion of his, I limp into my box and begin to dry myself. After a minute or two I open the door to let in a little light. The very proficient young swimmer, who does not seem yet to have had enough of it, is standing, preparatory to a dive, contemplating a small tin plate at the bottom of the bath. Standing just behind him is the unsavoury gentleman, whom I have not yet been able to forget. As I open my door he addresses the swimmer.

"Excuse me arskin' you, but 've you got sich a thing as a match on yer?"

While I am still enjoying this the young man, without making any answer, dives in and recovers the plate. Meanwhile the unsavoury man has discovered a match in his own pocket. As the swimmer hauls himself out of the water he addresses himself to him again.

"You'll excuse me takin' the liberty of addressin' myself ter you, but is your name Croft?"

"No," replies the other shortly.

"It strikes me very forcibly," continues the unsavoury man, making a futile attempt to strike a match on the wet paving, "that you're an old schoolfeller o' mine."

"You're most certainly mistaken," answers the swimmer with dignity.

The unsavoury man looks at him for a moment unconvinced.

"Are you an orphan?" he inquires.

The swimmer regards him with *hauteur*.

"I have not that pleasure," he replies, which seems to me to be not altogether the happiest way of putting it. The unsavoury man relinquishes his hope with a light heart.

"I'm glad," he observes, "ter see you young men a learnin' ter swim."

The swimmer does not receive this encouragement at all well.

"It's the dooty," continues the unsavoury man, "'vev'ry Englishman ter learn ter swim. Defend our shores."

The swimmer walks away towards the spring-board. The unsavoury man follows.

"Bounden' dooty 'vev'ry Englishman," he repeats, and extends a hand towards the water, dull and dismal under the gas-jets. "Brittennier rules the waves—keep it up, I say."

The young man has reached the spring-board and is in the middle of his run towards the water.

"Say!" suddenly calls the unsavoury man. The startled diver hesitates, stumbles, and falls with a loud clap into the water.

"Say," repeats the other, walking out along the spring-board, and addressing the heaving waters, "can I——"

An infuriated and spluttering face appears above the surface.

"Confound you——"

"I was goin' to arsk you," observes the unsavoury man, affably, from the edge of the spring-board, "if I could introduce you ter listen ter me fer one moment. I'm a bit of a wet bob myself."

The swimmer, swearing, hauls himself out of the water, very red about the body.

"I should like you an' me," continues the unsavoury man, "ter give a bit of a life-savin' demonstrashun. Imagine there's a drowndin' man out there under the fern. Nar you jump in, mate, when I give yer the word, an' then take yer direcshuns from me."

"'Ere, come orf of that!" suddenly shouts a voice from the other end of the bath. The attendant is marching indignantly up the side.

"Come orf of that!" he repeats loudly.

The unsavoury man does not move.

"I'm assistin' in a life-savin' demonstrashun," he observes.

The attendant approaches the board.

"Come orf of that!" he repeats "Yer can't get on there with yer boots on."

The unsavoury man regards him with dignity.

"If no one else don't object," he returns, "wot's it got ter do with you? I'm engaged in a life-savin' demonstrashun."

"'Ere, are you comin' orf, or shall I 'ave to fetch yer?" demands the attendant menacingly, mounting the board.

The unsavoury man folds his arms and edges backwards from his pursuer.

"I'm a ratepayer," he observes. "I assist in the s'pport of these bawths, an' I'm engaged in a life-savin'——"

Splash!

The event for which I hardly dared to hope has happened. The next moment a head appears above the surface and a pair of arms wildly beating air and water. By sheer luck one of the hands closes on the brass rail by the side. The attendant approaches the edge.

"'Ere, come outer that!" he shouts indignantly.

The figure in the water clings desperately to the rail. The attendant kneels down, and, grasping one of the wrists, hauls its owner roughly to the steps.

"Come outer that!" he repeats angrily. "D'yer wanter get *me* inter trouble?"

The figure splashes up the steps to the side, and stands in the gaslight, streaming water and spluttering profanely.

"I s'pose yer know you could be fined for that?" demands the attendant severely. "Where's yer ticket?"

The unsavoury man finds his full voice at last and makes a most vigorous use of it.

"Where's yer ticket?" repeats the attendant. "Go on—you get on out of it. You ain't allowed in the bath without no ticket. Go on with yer!"

"The board ain't safe!" cries the unsavoury man, moving off down the side towards the door, leaving a trail of water behind him. "Its a death-trap, that's wot it is! You ain't 'eard the last of this, I can tell yer. Where's my —— 'at?"

The attendant picks up a mop, and, decoying a streaming bowler hat from the water, throws it to the other.

"There's yer 'at," he says. "Now go on—orf yer git!"

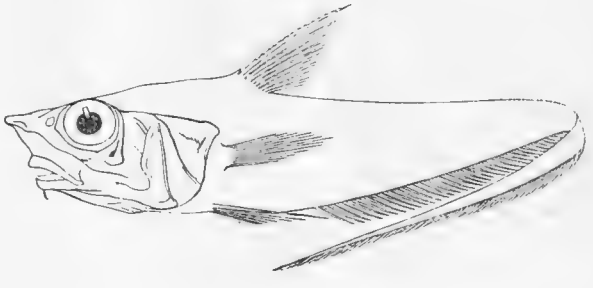
Followed by the attendant the unsavoury man squelches off down the bath, breathing threats and profanity. At the door he turns.

"Attemptin' ter murder by means o' unsafe boards!" he shouts. "Attempted murder, thet's wot it is. I'm goin' ter the pleece-station abaht this!"

The door swings to behind him, and the attendant gloomily seats himself once more. Gradually the water subsides to a state of dismal calm. I return to my box, where all other emotions are soon merged in those engendered by an attempt, while holding a match to a cracked looking-glass with one hand, to part my hair by the aid of a latchkey with the other.

# THE "BIG FISH" IN POLITICS

## Startling Sequel to the Discovery of the Political Loaf



The above is a faithful illustration of the "Macrurus Investigatoris," which is taken from "A Naturalist in Indian Seas," recently published by Mr. John Murray. That it bears a startling resemblance to a well-known and prominent politician of the day anyone can see with half an eye-(glass). As a result of this piscatorial discovery, the worlds of politics and science will doubtless join hands in the endeavour to elucidate the meaning of the symbol—for symbol it undoubtedly must be. Each party will seek to read the omen into a prophetic announcement of their success at the forthcoming election. The discovery of the political fish, following hard upon that of the political loaf, renders the parable complete. The seers have spoken, but space forbids more than a single reading of the oracle.

Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has been described as the "Jonah" of the Liberal Party. Is this the great whale that will swallow him?

# Bridge. By "Problematicus"

With regard to the Heart Convention *v.* the Highest of Short Suit Convention, some of our readers seem to think that we want the mathematical odds in the matter. We do not. What we want to arrive at is, which is the better game—the safer but somewhat cramping Heart Convention, or the riskier and freer Short Suit Convention? If some of our readers would use each in turn, and observe the results, we believe that they would afford valuable help towards the solution of this question.

DISCARDING WHEN "A" TRUMP SUIT IS DECLARED

One great fault of the beginner, and even of the average player at Bridge, is that he will discard when trumps have been declared just as against a No-Trump declaration, always, that is, from his weakest suits, which he does not want led. This is quite wrong; when he is playing against a trump declaration, his *first discard should be from his strongest suit.* Then his partner knows what to lead him when he gets in.

There are two exceptions to this play.

(1) He should not discard first from a suit of five or six headed by a knave or ten, if he has a four-suit headed by an ace, king, or queen, but from the four-suit.

(2) When Trumps have been doubled, or when the declaration is a defensive one made by the dealer, he should discard first from his weak suits.

But with an offensive declaration undoubled against you, it is necessary to protect your weak suits, since the trump strength is all against you, and also to give your partner information as to what you want led. On the other hand, when your partner has shown strength in trumps by doubling, you can hold up your strong suit on the chance of getting it established and winning tricks in it.

The rule may be put more simply thus: With strength in Trumps against you, discard *first* from your strong suit; with strength in Trumps with you, discard *last* from your strong suit.

THE VALUE OF NO-TRUMPS

A number of the more serious and earnest players at Bridge are beginning to put forward the idea that to count tricks in No-Trumps at twelve each is to count them too high. They assert that it gives a further advantage to the dealer, who is in quite strong enough a position as it is, for a declaration of No-Trumps is as easy to play as a Trump declaration, but it is far harder to defend one's self against. There is a good deal of truth in this; but we doubt that the majority of players would welcome the change. It calls to mind the players who, in the days when Whist was played, objected to Honours, and would not play Honours at all, or at most only half Honours. The fact is, the world likes its rubbers, whether at Bridge or Whist, short; and it is unlikely that any such change will be made. But that does not prevent earnest players from reducing the value of No-Trumps to eight or even six a trick.

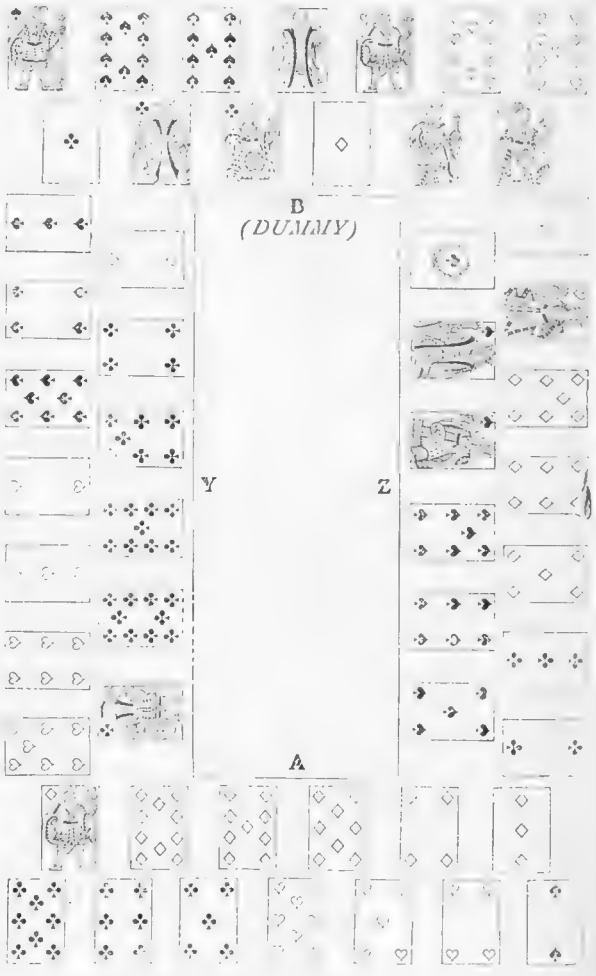
[Communications to The Bridge Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, London, E.C.]

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM I.

| Tricks | Y | B | Z | A |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | Dmd J | Dmd Q | Dmd 5 | Dmd 9 |
| 2 | Hrt 10 | Hrt 5 | Hrt 6 | Hrt A |
| 3 | Hrt J | Hrt Q | Hrt 7 | Hrt 2 |
| 4 | Dmd 8 | Dmd A | Dmd 6 | Clb 3 |
| 5 | Dmd 10 | Dmd 4 | Dmd 7 | Hrt 3 |
| 6 | Spd 4 | Spd K | Spd 3 | Spd 2 |
| 7 | Dmd K | Dmd 3 | Clb 2 | Hrt 4 |
| 8 | Spd 6 | Spd A | Spd 5 | Spd 10 |
| 9 | Spd 7 | Dmd 2 | Spd 9 | Clb 5 |
| 10 | Clb 7 | Clb 9 | Clb 4 | Clb A |
| 11 | Spd 8 | Hrt K | Spd Q | Spd J |
| 12 | | | | Hrt 8 |
| 13 | | | | Hrt 9 |

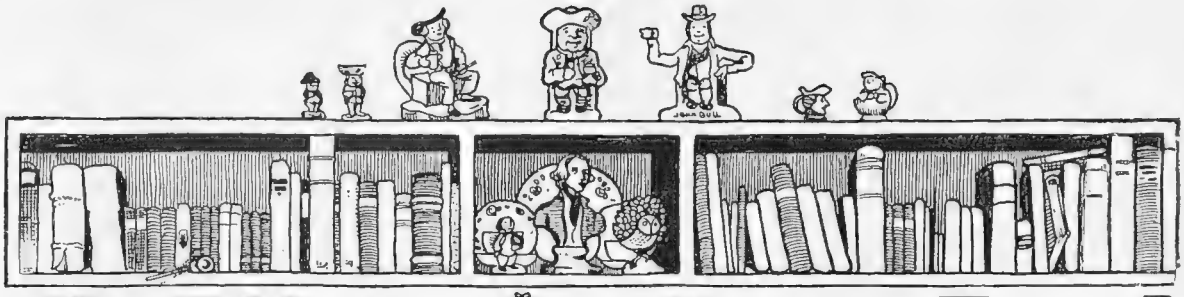
A deals, and declares Hearts. Y leads.
A B make the Grand Slam.
The line under the card marks the winner of each trick.

PROBLEM II.




A deals, and leaves the declaration to B, who declares No-Trumps. Y & Z win 8 tricks.

*A solution of this Problem will be given next week.*



# The Harbour of Refuge S.W.

BY OUR HOPELESS OPTIMIST

"He only does it to annoy, because he knows it teases."—*L. Carroll.*

"Yes," I said, putting my foot gracefully back into my slipper, "yes, I am an optimist because I believe in human nature."

"Human nature," said Abel, putting his feet on the fender, "is a warped, twisted, mean, contemptible thing." He closed his mouth with a snap.

"After all," said Adam from the depths of his chair, "what is an optimist?"

"Some kind of a fool," said Abel.

"If you mean that person who wrote a 'life' of Browning—what's his name?"

"Chesterton," I said.

"Who is Chesterton?" asked Abel, with a sniff.

"Chesterton is a modern literary Falstaff," I replied, "simply stuffed with optimism."

"Give me," said Abel, banging on the arm of the chair, "a sensible man who doesn't believe in anybody, or anything, and I will shake him by the hand for a reasonable fellow."

"Have you read Locke's new book?" I ventured innocently.

This fanned the flame in a moment.

"Have I, have I read pages about an idiot who gave everything away, who sheltered the only sensible person in the book, who asked a girl to live on chops in a place that was worse than a mud hut, who read 'Tristram Shandy' to a child, who cried, who danced for joy—have I?"

"I loved him," I said.

"Dear old Jimmie," said Adam.

"Listen to them," said Abel. "One idiot says he loves a fictional character, the other must needs apostrophise him as 'dear old Jimmie.' Pessimism is the salvation of the world, which you don't seem to understand. I used to think the world pantomimes and pocket-money myself. I suppose you," pointing to me, "have never grown out of it? As for Adam——"

Adam accepted the sniff with a roar of laughter.

"I tell you both," he said, rising, "that it's a place of rotten misery and monuments of indigestion, stupid fools and——"

"The weaker sex," I suggested. For answer Abel strode to the door, and having snapped out "Good-night," he banged the door and went upstairs. After a minute's silence, during which I filled my glass, Adam said, with a twinkle, "Absolutely on toast," which is a vulgar but useful expression. I found after Adam had retired one of his little habits lying in the chair where he had been sitting.

**"The Pessimist"**

How doth the little pessimist
  Abuse each shining hour,
By telling everyone he meets
  The world is dark and sour.

How busily he sows the seeds
  Of hate and discontent,
By proving to the weaker minds
  That nothing is well meant.

In various little subtle ways
  He makes unkind suggestions,
And hints that men of happy minds
  Have merely good digestions.

Where he consigns the weaker sex
  I cannot tell you, madam.
I don't believe one-half he says
  As sure as my name's Adam.

Rather tottery on the legs, this, and there's not much poetry in bad feet. Besides, I think Abel's bark is a great deal worse than his bite, which is true of most pessimists.

**Looking Ahead**

Although this is not an ideal time of the year for motoring, when the skies lower, the wind bites keen, and the streets of the towns and the roads of the country are in by no means an inviting condition for pleasure-driving, it would be a mistake to conceive that in the motor world things were more or less at a standstill. Quite the contrary is in fact the case. This can in no wise be termed the "slack season," for now, if one is to be suitably fitted out with a satisfactory car in the summer, must the preliminary inquiries be made, in order that some sort of a decision may be arrived at in good time. Most, if not all, makers have definitely settled as to what is to be their "leading line" for 1904, and the novice, if well advised, may commence his investigations, knowing that he deals with a firm of good record and repute; he may with comparative safety commit himself to the purchase of a vehicle, the general lines of which have now practically become stereotyped. Refinements of detail and slight improvements may, and doubtless will, be arrived at, but the general lines of a motor car have been settled, and it is as "safe" now to acquire one as it is to buy a bicycle, for "obsolete" is a word not likely to be heard of for many a long day in connection with modern examples, any startling, fresh divergencies from present practice may be put down as being abnormal, and, indeed, unnatural, and to be carefully eschewed, lest one becomes known throughout the countryside as the eccentric proprietor of a "freak" car.

The Lanchester Car, that original, inimitable and entirely British production, concerning which its patrons are altogether enthusiastic, is making a new departure, and in addition to the successful method of air-cooling the cylinders which they have heretofore utilised, have now adopted in the 12 h.p. model water-coolings. Their 10 h.p. standard touring car is well known and reliable, and their 1904 16 h.p. [illegible], like this, also air-cooled. In these cars the engine is in the centre of the vehicle, and the running is both smooth and silent. It has a good turn of speed, and although entirely of different appearance from most other cars, has proved itself to be a good practical vehicle. Its general utility is enhanced, owing to the fact that an interchangeable hood and brougham top can be fitted to all standard types.

**The Napier Company First Ready**

The Paris Motor Show opened last Thursday, and although President Loubet was present to open it officially, the whole building was in a general state of unpreparedness. Mr. Edge's firm, the Napier Co., was first of all exhibitors to be in readiness. The English manufacturers make a very good show with Napier,

*From a Photo*

**At the Paris Exhibition—Getting a Show-Car into the Building**

The Daimler New 7 h.p. £300 Car

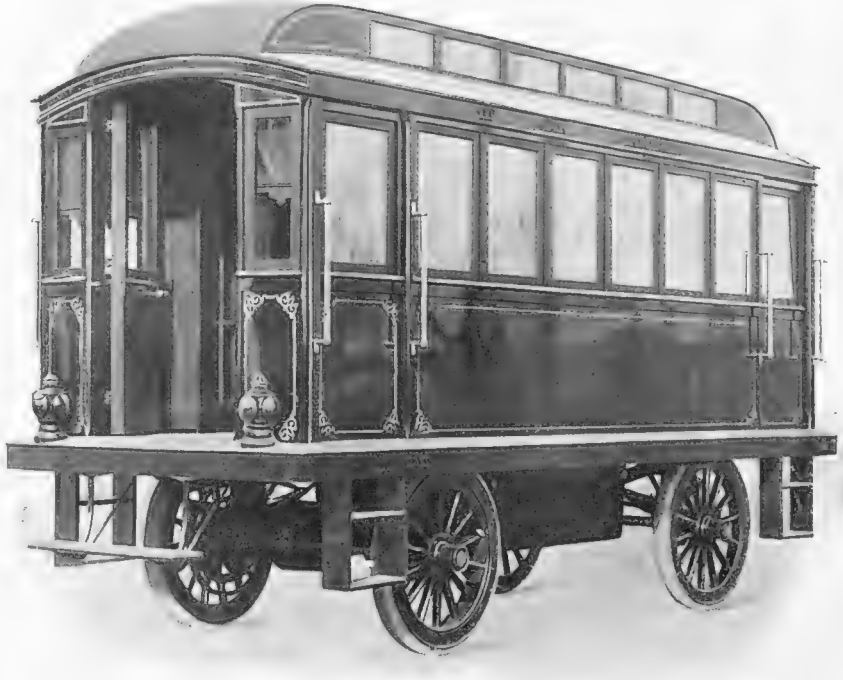
Wolseley, Argyll, Albany, showing workmanship and ingenuity which have favourably impressed the Continental critics.

**A Small Daimler**

Amongst others, the Daimler Company, of Coventry, have come into the market with a small car, which the man of moderate means might possibly regard with a favourable eye, and as the price is £300 only, some particulars may be interesting to our readers. The nominal power is 7-horse, four-seated Tonneau carriage of attractive design, with engine of the two-cylinder vertical Daimler type, having electric ignition. The transmission gear provides three speeds forward and one reverse, the whole being actuated by a single lever. The brakes are particularly efficient, being double-acting hand brakes, which are fitted to the extremities of the cross shaft, and also to the sprocket rings. The Daimler combined radiator and water-tank is also found on this car, and is carried in front of the *chassis*.

**An "Auto-Pullman"**

Great strides have been made in America in extending the adaptability of the motor. The illustration below shows an American automobile fitted exactly like a railway Pullman car. The luxury and novelty of this style of travelling might with the gracious consent of our American cousins very well be introduced into England.



An American Automobile fitted like a Pullman

**The New Talbot Car**

To those excellent and highly esteemed persons endowed by our tender Mother Nature with a redundancy of that which is spoken of in some serious circles as "dross," the Talbot Car presents itself at the National Show. Commencing at the top of the tree in the new 27 h.p., it is worthy of remark that the Cardan shaft and live axle-drive has disappeared, and our old friends the chains are back again, "at work on the old pitch," here as elsewhere. It would appear that for heavy, powerful cars the live axle is not so satisfactory as the chain-drive. In the 20 h.p., however, the live axle is retained. Both of these cars are seen in the *chassis* or more interesting stage of their career, and the good finish of all details is somewhat remarkable. They are unquestionably the most interesting features in the Show and attracted great attention. The 11 h.p. of the same make is a 2-cylinder car, and the 6 h.p. has a single cylinder only.

**The Side Door**

For practical everyday use, and especially for general comfort the popular Tonneau is hard to beat. All the passengers look ahead and the seats may be, and are in some cases, made as comfortable as armchairs. The chief drawback is that the door opens into the road, and not sideways on to the path, which is a real disadvantage in the case of lady passengers. This, in the case of some of the latest types of cars —amongst others, Napiers, Beaufort and Darracq—is obviated, and egress and ingress in an easy and comfortable manner is now attained, doors being made at the sides. For this, however, the car has to have a long wheel-base, and the Tonneau a long body, and these refinements of coach-building are not expected to be found on the cheaper cars. The present form of Tonneau, if large enough to begin with, is all right after you are inside; but the difficulty is to get in and out without stepping into the mire, and by having doors in the side this difficulty is obviated. It is said that no play can hope to be a success, no novel succeed in having large sales, no weekly illustrated newspaper take the world by storm, unless patronised by the ladies. Our wives and daughters desire, and rightly desire, to set their dainty footwear on the sidewalk and not in the mud of the street. Let, then, our gallant coach-builders respond to the cry of beauty in distress, and make doors in the sides of Tonneaux instead of at the back, as heretofore.

**The Meek and Long-suffering Motorist**

The statement has appeared, so far without contradiction, that motorists are enabled to register their cars, not necessarily in the county in which they reside, but where they please. If owners of mechanical vehicles have any distinguishing characteristics at all which differentiate them from their fellow-men, it is that of meekness and long-suffering. For years past they have had to break the law every time they took an airing, and have been the sport and butt of every truculent policeman they encountered (that is to say, the great bulk of them). Few of us object to pay the £2 2*s*. tax on the carriage, together with the 15*s*. tax for driver to the Imperial Exchequer, but whether there will be a great rush to deposit registration fee, £1, with the Clerk, say, of the Surrey County Council, or no, is problematical. There appears to be a glimmering chance that by a just and righteous turn of the Wheel of Fate, we may be able "to get some of our own back." Pay we must, but whether we will turn our cheek to the smiter remains to be seen. The Automobile Club, in asking certain questions in this connection of the various Councils, seems to be stirring up a hornets' nest, but good will probably come of it. Hard cash is as potent a factor with County Councils as with all the rest of the community, even though it emanates from the marauding motorist.

C. J. Matson.

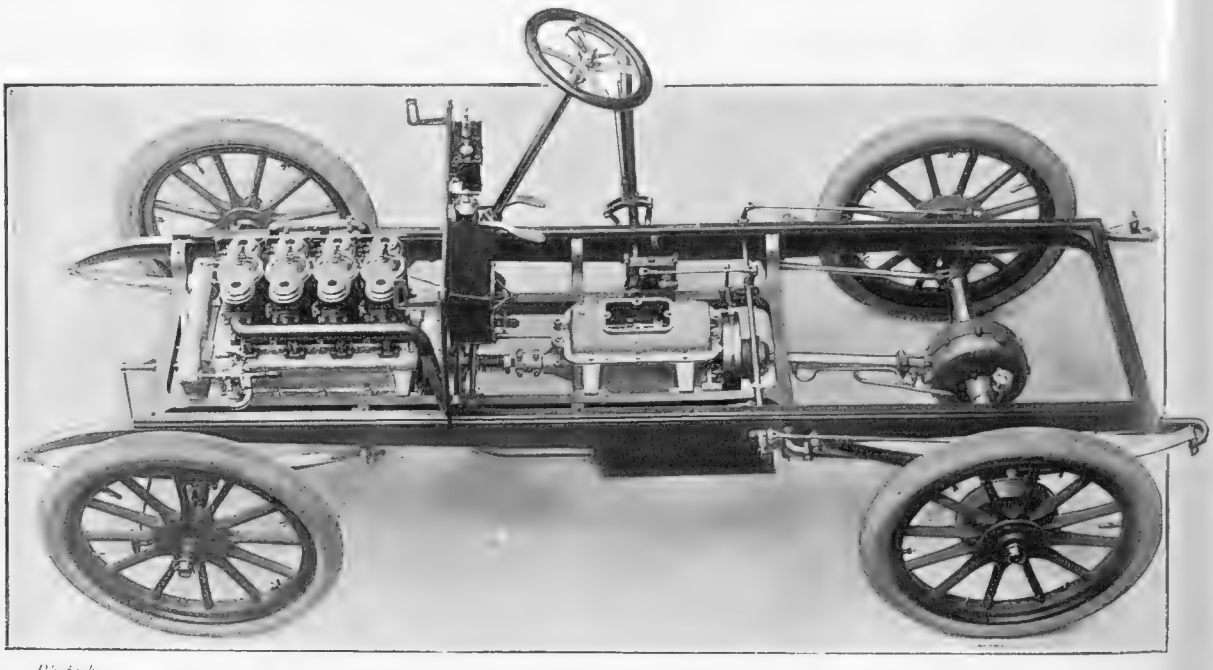


*Photo by* *Russell*

The New Talbot Chains

# THE FIRST TEST MATCH

## Little Sydney's Worsery Rhyme

Little Australia.
Fearless of failure.
Eating his Test-match Tart.
He put in his thumb.
When — out popped a 'Plum'.
And gave him a terrible start.

# ON THE GREEN.

**Mr. H H. Hilton**

There is no better known exponent of the Royal and Ancient game of golf than Mr. Harold H. Hilton, whose portrait we reproduce. Although celebrated as a golfer, however, Mr. Hilton has proved himself to be a good all-round sportsman by figuring as a prize-winner in open sprinting, hurdling, and swimming events, whilst he was allotted a place in both the cricket and football teams representing Norfolk County School, at which establishment he was educated. Born at West Kirby in 1869, it was only natural that he should early take to golf on the neighbouring links at Hoylake, where he made such progress in the game that, when only nine years of age, he won the boys' medal. That this was no flash in the pan performance he amply proved later.

**The Golf Champion**

Although it was not until the year 1900 that Mr. Hilton won the Amateur Championship, he had, at Muirfield, eight years previously, secured the highest honour by becoming the golf champion. It was on that occasion that play in the open championship was first extended to seventy-two holes. By again winning the open championship at Hoylake in 1897, he achieved the unique distinction of being the only amateur to place two victories in this contest to his credit. These performances largely helped to earn for him the reputation of being a much better stroke than match player; but, as a fact, he has an excellent record in the amateur championship, although, as mentioned above, winning honours did not fall to his lot until a few years ago. Twice he has met the ultimate winner, when only about half-way through the competition, and three times he has been the runner-up. Three years ago he and Mr. James Robb met in the final at Sandwich, and a close match was anticipated, but the strain of the preceding rounds had had its effect on the Scotsman, and he fell an easy victim to Mr. Hilton, by 8 holes up and 7 to play. At St. Andrews, in 1900, however, Mr. Hilton was given a hard game by Mr. J. L. Low, who was only beaten on the last green. Other important competitions won by Mr. Hilton include the Irish Open Championship (1900-1-2), and the St. George's Grand Challenge Vase (1893-4). Mr. "Johnnie" Low, by the way, has lately published a most interesting book on golf, and the portrait of him on the opposite page will be found an admirable likeness by his many friends.

**The Haskell Ball**

The rubber-cored ball has become so firmly established that it has practically ceased to be a topic of discussion. Although the "gutty" has not

*Photo by* *Bowden*

**Mr. Hilton negotiates the famous Bunker before Maiden Green on the Sandwich Links**

*Photo by* *Bowden*

**A Tight Bunker at the Rye Golf Club Links**

yet joined its feathered ancestors, one can imagine its being regarded in the near future as nothing more than an object of curiosity.

*Photo by* **Mr. J. L. Low** *[Bowden*

The well-known amateur who has lately entered the ranks of authors

**Has it Really Improved the Game?**

The question, however, as to whether the Haskell and similar balls have really improved the game is one which is still asked, and is never likely to elicit a reply which will be satisfactory to everybody.

**Its Effect on Handicaps**

That it has, to a great extent, levelled the game and lessened the gulf between the eighteen handicap and the plus three man is certain; and that it has made courses laid out—as nearly all of those now in existence were in pre-Haskell days—much easier for the "duffer" than it has for the "crack," is equally sure. But are these improvements? The large army of long-handicap men answer in the affirmative; the back-marker is dubious; and so the question is likely to remain until there arises a generation of golfers to whom the "gutty" was never known.

**Inland Greens**

Time was when an enthusiastic golfer would refer to an inland green in much the same manner as he would discuss "spillikins" or "parlour quoits;" but the spread of the game has resulted in the discovery of very fine courses many miles removed from the sea. To take the London district only he would be a very sorry churl who could find anything but praise for such links as those at Sunningdale, Huntercombe, and Woking; while for everlasting dryness of the links certain enthusiasts sing pæans of glory in regard to the nine-holes course which lies Berkhampstead way.

# BY FIELD, STREAM, & COVERT

***The* Sport**

Though the course of the hunting season has not been free from the hostility of the elements, accounts of sport continue to be excellent; indeed, seeing how many packs have done well of late, it would almost be invidious to particularise. The doings of the packs in the shires and other ultra-fashionable establishments are so regularly and admirably chronicled elsewhere that they can be passed over under stress of circumstances. As regards other countries, however, of which rarer mention is made, news is to hand of good days with Lord Harrington's and Sir Watkin Wynn's, while the Ledbury have also been showing capital sport. In the West of England Mr. Milne, of Cattistock, is accounting for his foxes as well as ever, though the fame of the Hunt has not as yet received the *cachet* of a Royal visit such as has been recently accorded to the three countries which lie a little nearer to London.

*Photo by* *Bowden*

**Mr. George Lane-Fox**
Deputy Master of the Bramham Moor F. H.

**Evil Tidings**

That the voluminous records of good purport should be unaccompanied by reports far less pleasing is unfortunately beyond human expectations. South Wales has lost one of its most highly esteemed sportsmen by the death of Mr. Thurston Bassett, whose rule over the Glamorganshire Hunt was conspicuously successful. Then Mr. Wharton's temporary retirement from the Cleveland country, owing to ill-health, is widely deplored, though it is hoped that a brief sojourn in a more genial clime will soon restore him to the hunting field. As to the numerous accidents which have occurred, to specify in detail the precise injuries sustained would give these few notes the appearance of an anatomical treatise. Of other mishaps, Lord Bathurst is to be condoled with on the loss of one of his best hounds (and of the high merit of the Cirencester Kennel everyone is aware), which was killed in the rather unusual fashion of being suffocated, together with the hunted fox, in an outhouse.

**Bad Falls**

With regard to the casualties, it is often asked whether the average of bad falls is not in advance of former days; and, if that be so (which probably is the case), whether it is not due to more reckless riding on the part of the present generation. In answering both questions in the affirmative, however,

*Photo by* *Bowden*

**A Meet of the Bramham Moor**

certain reservations should be made, the dubiety of the reply to the latter query resting rather with the habits of modern foxes than in contrasting the prowess of these days with that of our forefathers. Owing to the short-running tactics begotten of well-stocked and convenient larders, a mere ring nowadays frequently gives rise to more thrusting than would have been provoked by the run of the season formerly. Consequently, before half the field realises that the long-hoped-for good thing is actually in progress, the fences that have been negotiated more for jumping's sake than of necessity have told on horses to such an extent as considerably to increase the risk of falling at big places. In the days when a fox handsomely found meant a run, men saved their horses accordingly.

**The Riding**

The old adage, "*Hodie mihi cras tibi*," which is a neat Roman way of putting it that what happens to your neighbour may happen to yourself very shortly, is especially applicable to the hunting field, where the most brilliant equitation is no safeguard against calamity. Still, one cannot but feel uncomfortable as to the standard of horsemanship during the last decade or so, not so much regarding seat, hands, etc., as in respect of judgment and knowledge of what a horse can do. If deterioration there be, the reason would neither be ignominious nor far to seek, for in these altered times the number of those who can enjoy a regular continuity of hunting from boyhood to man's estate is small. Professions for which constant attendance, if not unremitting toil, is required, claim the majority of young men, while at the Universities the modern curriculum allows but limited opportunities for following the chase at an age when experience is most easily assimilated, it being held by the authorities that the Binomial Theorem and Logic are a better equipment for a career than the glorious memories of the Fitzwilliam or the Bicester.

**Cottenham**

Having all but drifted from hunting to the educational question, we may pause to shed a tear over the departed Cottenham meetings, which, it is feared, are to be abandoned henceforth and for ever. Cottenham has always been a most sporting affair, though in connection with the races tales have been told which, if founded on fact, would not sound too sweetly in the ears of a Grand National Hunt steward. Perhaps the best of such stories, though it is neither recent nor of any authenticity, is that of the young sportsman who, before the start of an event in which hirelings were admissible, rode forth in full view of the concourse on a woebegone Rosinante and invited speculation on his mount. Having booked some liberal wagers, he cantered down to the post, there to exchange his sorry nag for a vastly different animal, which proved an easy, if equivocally popular, winner.

*Photo by* *Bowden*

**A Steep Bank**

*Photo by* *Bowden*

**The Pack off to Byham Park**

**Polo in India**

In India, as in England, the Inter-regimental Tournament is the principal polo contest of the year, and excites the keenest interest. It is open to any regiment of British cavalry, battalion of infantry, Royal Engineers, or Royal Artillery of any one Presidency. Any two regiments of native cavalry or native infantry may compete, but no native is allowed to play in the tournament. The challenge cup was instituted in 1877, the year before the Hurlingham Inter-regimental was started, and has been played for at Meerut or Umballa annually since, with the exception of the years 1879 and 1880, when there was no tournament on account of the Afghan War.

**Colonel Malcolm Little**

Colonel Malcolm Little, the present commanding officer of the 9th Lancers, played in their winning Indian team in 1885, and in the following year was included in Mr. John Watson's Hurlingham team which brought back the American Polo Cup from the United States. Practically all the officers of the 9th Lancers play polo. The last time they competed in the Indian Inter-regimental, before they were ordered to South Africa, was in 1899, when the 4th Hussars beat them in the semi-final round. Their team on that occasion was made up of Lord Charles Bentinck, the best player in the regiment, Captain David Campbell, who rode The Soarer to victory in the Grand National, Major the Hon. C.

*Photo by* *J. T. Newman*

**Candidates for Honours at the Cattle Show leaving for Islington**

**The Forthcoming Tournament**

The forthcoming tournament next February should be a very good one, for there are several crack polo regiments now stationed in India, including the 9th (Queen's Royal) Lancers, whose polo record both at home and abroad is a very fine one indeed. When they won the first two Inter-regimentals in 1877 and 1878, their team included the late Colonel Scott Chisholm, who was killed in the early stages of the Boer war, and he also played back for them in 1885, on the occasion of their fifth and last victory in the Indian competition. In England their connection with the game dates back to 1871, when they opposed the 10th Hussars at Hounslow in the first match. The game was styled "Hockey on Horseback," and the teams were eight a side, that of the 9th including Mr. F. Herbert, who afterwards became a very well-known player, and the late Lord William Beresford.

Willoughby, and the late Mr. J. G. Stirling, who, after losing an arm in South Africa, returned to India and was killed in a station game of polo.

**The King at the Cattle Show**

It is a great pleasure to note the interest the King always takes in the cattle show at Islington, and in spite of the uncertain state of the weather on Tuesday, his Majesty paid his annual visit to Smithfield. For over an hour the King passed from pen to pen, taking the deepest interest in everything, and making lively comments to Sir Walter Gilbey, who was with him. Successful exhibitors include besides the King, who, out of twenty-nine entries, took five first prizes, five seconds, two thirds, and a fourth, the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Middleton, Sir Walter Gilbey, Mr. Murray Stewart, and Mr. R. M. Greaves, the latter having been very successful with his Welsh cattle.

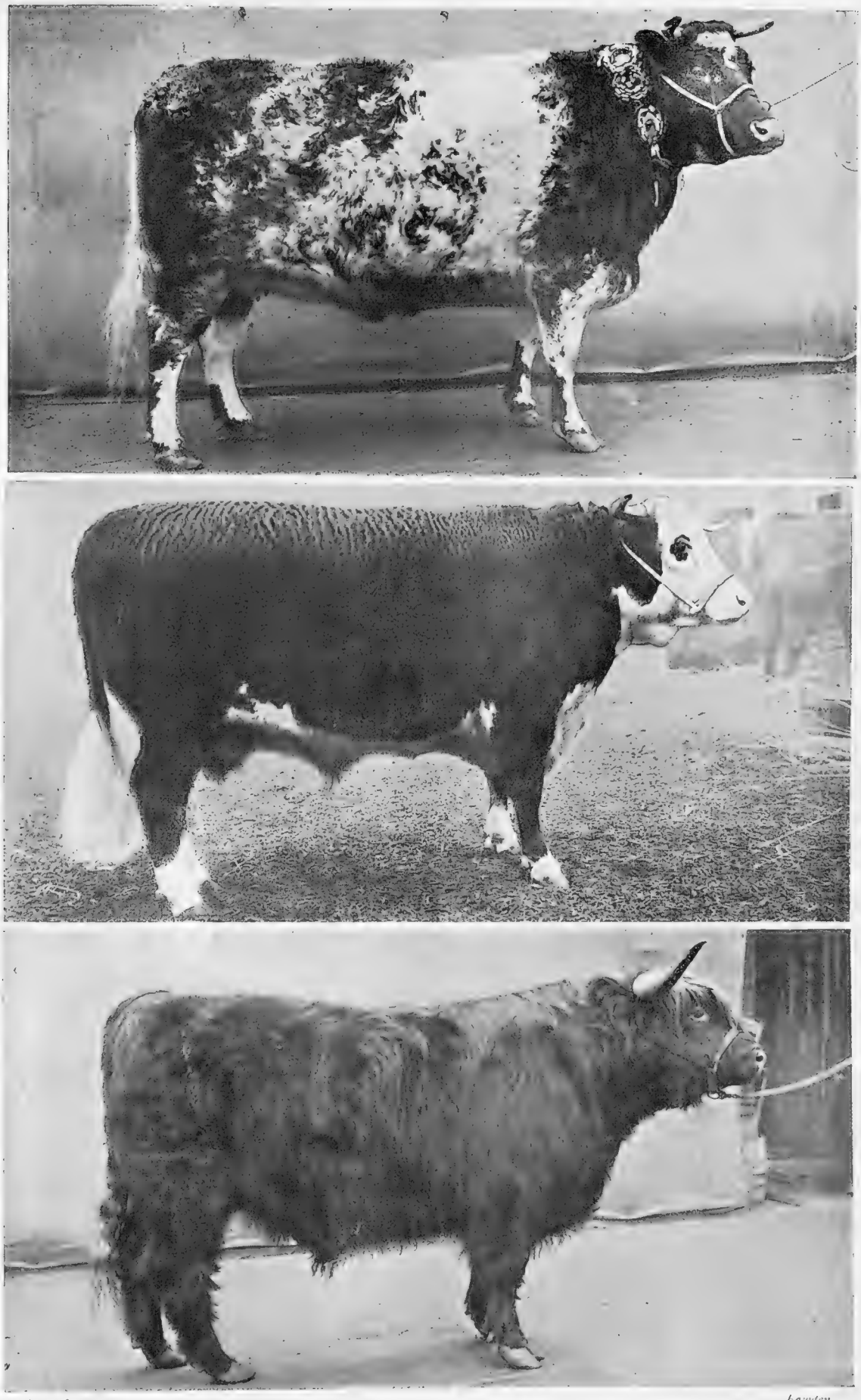


*Photo by* *Lowden*

**Three Prize Beasts at Smithfield Show**

1. The Champion, owned by Mr. R. L. Batchelor. 2. The King's Hereford Steer, 1st Prize and Cup. 3. The King's Highland Steer, 1st Prize and Cup

**The Dog in Sport**

The coursing season, which began in September, a little earlier than usual, with a meeting at Plumpton, has been uneventful, so far. At Lytham, form was shown by Lord Sefton's puppies which, although upheld at Longtown a month later, was not reproduced at the November meeting of the Altcar Club, considered by many public coursers to be the first of the classic fixtures. In Submarine, Subterranean, and Subterfuge, all members of that wonderfully smart litter (Under the Globe—Thessally), the President of the National Coursing Club possesses stock likely to improve with age, but as they were bought as saplings at one of last season's Barbican sales and not bred at Croxteth Park, none are eligible for the Home-bred Produce Sweepstakes, which promises to be so interesting a feature of the January meeting at Altcar. A good meeting is promised at Newmarket this week, every nomination having been taken up in the Old Champion Puppy Stake, and for the first time for many years the promoters have been able to declare a full card. Much of this success is due to the efforts of Mr. G. H. Verrall, who, last season, came to the assistance of the committee at a time when it certainly was "touch and go" with the fixture. It was then too late to get the support of the leading public coursers, but with twelve months in front of them, Mr. Verrall and his committee put their shoulders to the wheel, and the result will be seen when the card is issued this week.

**A Coursing Card**

On the first day, coursing will be on the Chippenham Fields; on Wednesday, Lord Ellesmere's Stetchworth estate will be visited, and on Thursday it is hoped to finish off the trials at Cheveley, the shooting tenants of the late Col. McCalmont's well-stocked preserves having granted this privilege. The trials of bloodhounds in the Warwickshire country a week or two back were not very exciting, and Lieut.-Col. Jorgensen, the victorious owner, is following the example of his old opponent in these contests, Mr. E. Brough, by selling his winning hounds. Ill-health makes it doubtful whether he will be able to ride again, hence the dispersal of a pack which during the past three or four seasons has provided many good runs for enthusiasts residing in Lord Willoughby de Broke's beautiful country. It is therefore questionable if further trials will be held under the management of the Association of Bloodhound Breeders.

*Photo by* *Bowden*

**Lieut. Joynson and Bloodhound**

**A North Country Sportsman**

A man having kept hounds, or been associated with other owners all his life, is extremely dubious as to the scenting powers possessed by bloodhounds, and is open to make a sporting match on novel lines. He has not yet formulated his challenge; when he does so it will be in the following terms: The man to have, not an hour's start, but ten minutes; while the hound must not be assisted by a handler, but made to do his or her own casting, being taken to the point at which the runner started, and, having been laid on, left to work out the line unaided. The sportsman named is open to back his man for a trophy or a substantial sum of money. The conditions are so simple the challenge should be at once taken up.

*Photo by* *Bowden*

**Warwickshire Bloodhounds on Trail**

**Sport with the Guns**

The present is rather a slack time with shooters. Most of the covers have been shot over for the first time, and there will be an interval until the Christmas shoots take place. Now is the time when the keen sportsman will lay himself out for the wood pigeon. He must be very keen, and also knowledgeable to get many of them in a day, as it involves long waiting in rather mixed samples of heather, and also pretty good shooting, to do much good. You want to know something of their habits and find out what places they are frequenting in search of food. As a rule, this will be some stubble field as yet unploughed, or, in hard weather, a turnip field—near a corner for choice, though not always so. An oak or beech wood, in a year when there happen to be many acorns or much beech-mast, is sure to be full of pigeons in the morning and early part of the afternoon. Having found out where they go to feed, you must make a "hide" of branches—fir or oak, with the leaf still on, is the best material—as inconspicuous as possible, either against the fence of a field, or amongst the underwood in a corner. Then taking one or two decoys, either dead birds shot the day before, or wooden decoys to be bought at any gunmaker's; place them on the ground about thirty yards away from your hide with their heads pointing up wind, and, in the case of dead birds, kept off the ground by a short stick three inches long, pointed at both ends, one end of which you stick into their throat under the lower mandible, and the other end into the ground.

**Setting a Decoy**

Having set out a few decoy birds in this manner, or amongst the higher branches of low trees, if in a wood, retire to the hide and await developments, keeping a sharp look out down wind. If there are many pigeons about or you have successfully located their feeding-ground, you will not have long to wait, but will soon be getting some of the best of shooting. If you are on the ground early, say 7.30 or 8, so much the better, as they are always very hungry the first thing. If too far away, or you are too lazy, about 10 o'clock is a good time. If the birds are numerous there is no reason why you should not get a hundred, or the best part of it, in the course of the day. Every time you shoot a bird, stick him up with the rest of the decoys by means of the pointed stick, of which you should have a good supply ready cut.

*Photo by* *Bowden*

**Retriever bringing up Birds from Thicket**

**Wary Pigeons**

When you have twenty or more birds on the ground, very few pigeons will pass by the place without swinging round to them and giving you a chance; but they turn with marvellous quickness at the smallest movement on your part, and are off down wind like a flash, so you want to be very careful, hold very straight, and shoot quick to make a good bag. It is one of the finest sports, because the most difficult I know of, though very few people know much about it or practise it, partly owing to some little trouble being required to manage matters beforehand, and some small amount of woodcraft and fieldcraft being necessary—a gift which few possess who have not been brought up in the country.

# WOMAN'S PASTIMES

**Skating**

The foretaste of winter, given by the sharp snap of frost, gave added zest to ice prospects, and when those pleasures can be enjoyed minus the occasional disadvantages of the ice as provided by nature, and plus Royalty, tea, and the somewhat incongruous but attractive presence of needlework, there is no doubt as to their power. Hengler's Skating Rink lately has been very gay and very Royal; Princess Henry of Battenberg opened the sale of work, and Princess Ena assisted her mother when the charms of the skating were temporarily

*Photo by* *Lafayette*

**Miss Harrisoa**

One of the most notable Lady Skaters at Hengler's

overcome. The Duchess of Connaught was there, looking very seasonable in sealskin; the Duchess of Albany, too, was there one day; the Duchess of Devonshire, and Lady Alix Anderson; Lady Helen Vincent, among the most skilful skaters; Lady Coke, Mrs. George Cornwallis West, and Lady Knightley of Fawsley. It has been under discussion by the International Skating Union, whether ladies shall be admitted to compete against men for the skating figure championships. Skating, in its most graceful as well as its most finished form, has made immense progress with us of late years; and many Englishwomen should stand a chance of honours in such competitions. In February last year, it will be remembered that Mrs. Edgar Syers, of London, an Englishwoman, entered for the International Championship, the first woman to do so, was the only one of the four competitors to do her "loops" with perfect correctness. She won second prize to Salchow's first. Among our graceful and skilled skaters are the Duchess of Bedford, Miss Duddell, Miss Irby, Miss Phyllis Ignice, Miss Marshall, and Mrs. Grenander, so well known at Prince's before her marriage.

**A Sportswoman in Sweden**

Sweden is well enough known to British sportswomen as the paradise—or one of the many editions of it—of salmon fishing; but it will be of interest to many to consider the country from its grouse-shooting possibilities. The sporting nature of the ground and the beauty of the scenery are well shown in the accompanying snapshot of Mrs. Berg shooting over her setter; and the game of the country gives excellent sport. Shooting over dogs is, in Sweden, still considered the best of sport, and driving has not yet swept away the pleasure, to a sportswoman, of watching her dogs work. The keen interest in sport in Sweden is further shown by the attitude of the Swedish Kennel Club (at whose head is Count Hamilton, whose name shows the place of his family's origin), for at the dog show held this summer in Stockholm, a practical lecture on pointers and setters was given to the students of the Forestry Department

**Dog Shows**

Birmingham has just held its forthy-fifth annual show; and this, the oldest dog-showing community in the kingdom, had a tremendous entry; and, as was remarkable, a new coat of paint on Curzon Hall! Birmingham had a fair number of leading lady exhibitors, who won the chief honours there as elsewhere. The Duchess of Newcastle won both in borzois and wire-haired fox-terriers. Mrs. Horsfall, as usual, won nearly everything in Great Danes, Mrs. Sparks running her close in the prize list. Mrs. R. Hamilton, the well-known Irish owner, won in Irish setters; and Mrs. Williams and Mrs. Grew won all the Irish wolfhound prizes. All the Skye prizes were won by ladies, the Countess of Aberdeen, Miss McCheane, Mrs. Burns, and Mrs. Hugh Ripley clearing the decks. It was a pleasure to see the Princesse de Montglyon again at an English show; she was at

**After Wild Duck**

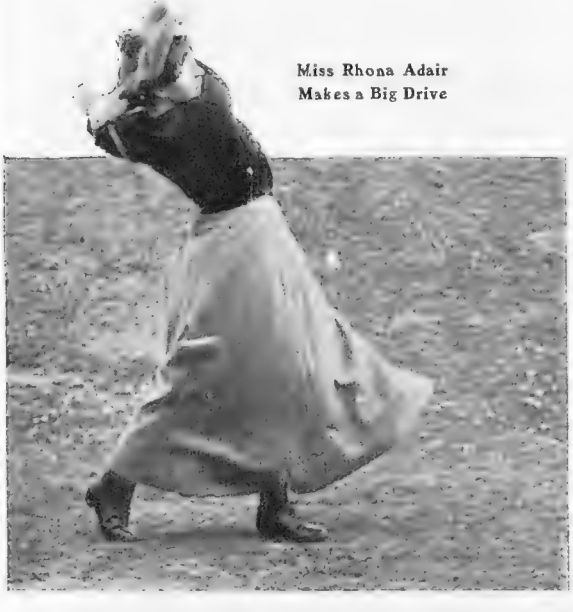
the ring-side, watching the collie-judging very carefully. Mrs. Hall-Walker won in Pomeranians, as also did Miss Lee-Roberts; in fact, with the trifling exception of one or two men exhibitors, every Pomeranian in the show was owned by a lady. Mrs. Raleigh-Grey won with the black pugs; and in Perinese, that coming race of toy dogs, Mrs. Douglas-Murray and Mrs. Lilburn MacEwen won everything.

**Hunting**

The weather has been disturbed, and so have been all hunting people, the bitter frost filling everybody with thoughts of flight from the gloomy prospects. Then came the sudden thaw, and when hopes began to bud, they were nipped by dense fogs. On Saturday the Blankney Hounds met at Wellingore Hall, but, after waiting awhile, those who had assembled had to go away again, as the fog was so dense; hounds were sent back to kennels, and the Duke of Rutland's Hounds, at Harley, had no better luck. The Duke of Beaufort's pack had a good thirty minutes' gallop, but the scent was bad on the whole. Lady Pollen, Mrs. Hamilton, and Miss Wroughton were among the ladies out. The Cottesmore had Saturday spoiled by the fog, and there was a large field disappointed of a day's sport; among them were Lady Angela Forbes, Mrs. Asquith, Mrs. Fernie, Mrs P. Cookson, and Mrs. Fitzwilliam. The Ledbury Hounds had its best gallop of the season after the meet at the Green Dragon, Corse Lawn, and a capital forty minutes was had. Mary Duchess of Hamilton was out, Miss Loftus-Tottenham, Mrs. Barratt, and Mrs. Gordon-Canning.

**Golf**

The counties yet unrepresented in county club golf are in process of wiping out their reproach. Lancashire has elected Mrs. Jessop Hutton hon. secretary of the not yet existent L.G.C.; and Miss Graham, assisted by Miss L. Dod, are organising Cheshire County. When these two counties and their clubs are in fighting trim they will doubtless form part of the Northern Section of England, this



Miss Rhona Adair Makes a Big Drive

Mrs. Berg Out Shooting

division consisting of the counties of Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cheshire, and Lincolnshire. The Coronation medal for Surrey was won by Miss Pascoe; the Cheshire medal by Miss L. Dod, at Hoylake, after a tie with Miss Blackie; the Lincolnshire medal, played on the Belton Park links, by Miss M. Neville; and the Lancashire medal, played at Southport, by Mrs. Irwin. A new ladies' golf club has been formed in St. Andrews, which will be called the Alexandra Ladies' Golf Club of St. Andrews. It has started with a good membership, has held its first competition, which has been won by Miss D. K. Moir, and will have monthly handicap competitions, and others to be arranged later.

**International Triumphs**

Miss Rhona Adair is the pride of Irish golfers; for she has not only won the double crown of Irish and English Championships, but has now conquered in America and Canada. Her latest success in the Dominion was to play an eighteen-hole medal round at Lambton Golf and Country Club, Toronto, where her score was 94. Miss Phepoe, the runner-up, was 104, and Miss F. Harvey, Canadian champion, was 119. Miss Adair is winning not only prizes but golden opinions across the Atlantic for her brilliant golf and sportsmanlike play. She speaks well of the links in America, and has played over Myopia Hunt Club course, near Boston, and states it is the best course she has seen. Miss Rhona Adair is a member of the Royal Portrush Golf Club, and is an all-round, excellent golfer.

**North v. Midlands**

The Northern ladies made a very disappointing show at Edgbaston last Wednesday against the Midlands, being defeated by seven goals to one. Miss Gaskell played grandly for the winners, and was, as usual with her, a prolific scorer. Miss Mayne scored two goals for her side, and Mrs. Cole one. Miss McLaren, who was the solitary representative from Lancashire, scored for the North. The display of the North was very disappointing, the halves in particular being weak. Miss Gaskell scored four goals for the winners, Miss Mayne two, and Mrs. Cole one. Good weather was the means of attracting a fair gate; but the conditions under foot were less favourable, a wet ground interfering considerably with the play.

## A Re-Discovered Cortona

**An Old Motto**

Some few years ago the motto of the art world seemed to be—when in doubt, discover an Old Master. The idea soon developed into a commonplace and became *démodé*, and in our day these happy chances have grown scarce. But the picture by Pietro da Cortona, which we reproduce, happens to be a genuine case of a re-found masterpiece. The "Holy Family," as we show it, contains, in the foreground, an admirably composed trio of female figures, the youngest being the Mother of Christ with the Child seated on her knee happily greeting the little John. Here are found together, divinity, an air of dignified joy, a warmth of colour and a feeling of decorative beauty which make it appeal as directly to the devout as to the æsthetic. The landscape is of unusual distinction and charm, even for a Cortona, while the architectural qualities, which hint of one of Pietro's professions—the church of San Martin in Rome is one he designed—are treated with excellent effects. The work is regarded as a masterpiece by many of the students of the seventeenth century Italian work, and one that should, if possible, be retained in England. There are, we believe, three pictures by this master now in the Louvre, but none at present in our National Gallery.

**A Few Private Collections**

Indeed, there are not many Cortonas in England at all, but among private collections, the Dukes of Westminster and Devonshire, and the Earl of Derby, have some examples in their galleries. Pietro's work was, of course, mainly for the walls of the palaces of Italian princes, such as the Sacchetti, who were his earliest patrons. He painted rooms in the Piazza Barberini for Pope Urban, and in the Pitti for Ferdinand II. In Rome he worked for successive pontiffs, and was knighted by Alexander III. Wealth and honour came to him in full measure, and justly; but it is told of him, as of almost all great artists of Italy in this period, that he had detractors and traducers, who, in his case, stole away his character from his then patron, Ferdinand, and caused him to leave Florence. His style, as may be seen from the work under consideration, was learned, and his colour sombre, rich, and harmonious. He had studied principally the works of Raffaelle, Polidoro da Carravaggio, and the grand cold manner of Michael Angelo. These influences can be seen in his pictures, but he added an individuality and charm and repose of his own, and in due time handed on the light well trimmed and flaming, for among his pupils were Bozgognone, Romanelli, Ciro Ferri, and Giordani, and others famous in Italian art.

**History of this Picture**

This "Holy Family" is said to have come to our shores by some fortuitous circumstance from France about the year 1848. Before that date its history is something of a mystery. It is possible that Pietro Berrettini painted it for the fine cathedral of his native Cortona, or as an altar-piece for one of the churches that grace that antique city—rich already in memories of the glories that were Rome, especially rich in deeply Hellenic Etruscan things, and rich, again, in the early seventeenth century, in many works of her gifted son. As we say, the picture found its way here more than fifty years ago, when a merchant in Liverpool with an eye for the fine arts purchased it. It is not known whether he gave a big price for it or no—merely that it came to him directly from France, where many an Italian treasure has lain *perdu* for the later benefit of a wider world than Italy. Whatever he may have given for it, this Liverpool gentleman valued his Cortona highly for its artistic qualities, and when he died left it to his widow and away from his first family. We fancy that the lady who now became possessed of it had but a slight knowledge of the seventeenth century Italian art, and a poor appreciation of a picture, 11ft. by 9ft., which would not adjust itself to the house which then became her home.

**Further Adventures**

The Pietro found its way into the lumber-room, and, face to the wall, must have been reminded of its long durance in France and feared another period of enforced seclusion and idleness. But the lady who now owned it married again, and her second husband, no connoisseur of art, happened to be the treasurer of the Bristol Young Men's Christian Association. Finding the masterpiece of Cortona unappreciated in his lumber-room, this gentleman transferred it to this new field of usefulness, and for many a long day its benign figures and deep, tender beauties were for all young men of the Association to see. A little later, the picture was offered to the society for the modest sum of £10, but the Bristol Committee were not inclined to buy. It is valued now at almost anything you like to name, say, £6,000. Now, in the course of time this owner died also, leaving the picture to an executrix, who had the unrecognised Cortona taken from the rooms of the Bristol Y.M.C.A. and packed for London.

Here, at last, an expert knew it for a great work from the hand of Pietro da Cortona, and it now awaits, in the gallery of Messrs. Hutchinson, the bankers, of Trafalgar Square, the purchaser who shall do it honour, and blot out for ever the indignity of the many unappreciative years

**"The Holy Family"**

The masterpiece by Pietro da Cortona, valued at £6,000, which has lain for many years in a lumber-room.

# St. James's Theatre

## "THE PROFESSOR'S LOVE STORY"

Mr. E. S. Willard has pursued the wisest possible policy in reviving *The Professor's Love Story* for the last few weeks of his season at the St. James's Theatre. Not only is Mr. Barrie a sure draw to theatrical London just now, but the part of Professor Goodwillie is admirably suited to what one may call Mr. Willard's later manner. In the early days, perhaps his most marked characteristic as an actor was what may be described as "rugged force." His admirable performance of Spider, the genteel burglar in the original production of *The Silver King*, and particularly his very fine piece of emotional acting as Cyrus Blenkarn in *The Middleman*, both plays, by the way, by Mr. Henry Arthur Jones, marked him out as among the strongest and most virile of our actors. But in latter years, perhaps Mr. Willard's most characteristic quality is gentleness. And of all gentle characters in the modern theatrical repertory, perhaps Professor Goodwillie is the most whimsically delightful.

The revival is excellent business for Mr. Willard, therefore, artistically as well as financially. It is certainly the same for Mr. J. M. Barrie. It happens often enough that the revival of a five or ten years old play is something of a disillusion and a disappointment. What appeared refreshingly novel and original at the first production becomes now merely out of fashion, and either it becomes clear that it had no real merit, or it does not date sufficiently far back for its modishness in itself to become interesting. *The Professor's Love Story* is, for those who admire Mr. Barrie's delightful talent, a reassuring exception to the rule. It has plenty of theatrical stuff in it, certainly. Mr. Barrie, even in his best work for the theatre, tends towards the almost naïvely theatrical, and this play is by no means lacking in rather childish stage-effects—of which the division of the action with each set of characters unconscious of the existence of the other, and the introduction of pantomine shadow-pictures take as important a part as in his other early play, *Walker, London*. A course of several years' playing of the piece in America, moreover, has produced its usual result on the performers and the stage management, and the theatricalisms have not in result become modified in the interpretation.

At the same time, there are passages of convincing humanity, in the sentiment as well as in the comedy, which keep the whole thing very sweet and real. The wooing of Effie by the diffident Pete, and the self-confident Henders—Henders, who turns his irresistible fascination to profitable account by exacting from Pete the tribute of three sacks of potatoes and a china spittoon in return for the friendly office of relieving him of the anxieties of imminent matrimony—the wooing of Effie is in itself enough to make the play. And some of the scenes of the professor himself—especially the scenes with his sister—are as delightful as ever.

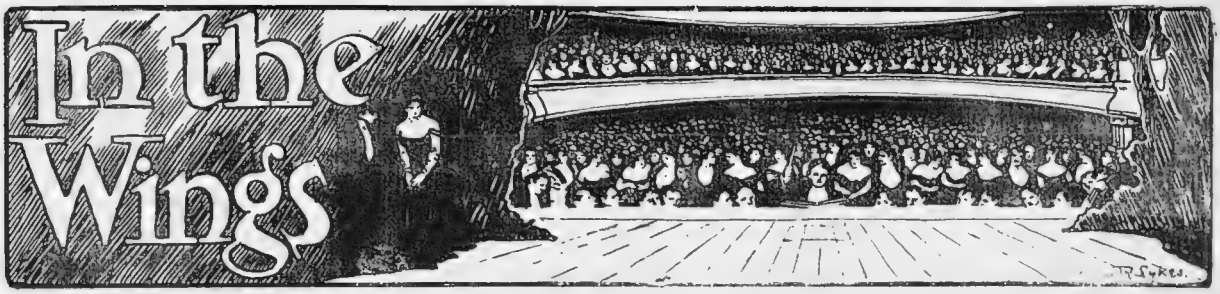
Of Mr. Willard's acting I have already said a word. It is only necessary to add that, although some of the comedy scenes may have suffered a little from Mr. Willard having played the piece many times, and especially from having played it to American audiences, the passages of sentiment are given with as much tenderness and distinction as ever. By far the best of the remaining performances is certainly the Pete of Mr. Frederick Volpé, who gives an admirably human and sympathetic picture of this delicious Lowlander, and adds another to the many excellent performances which he has given lately, including a notable impersonation of Mr. Pecksniff in Mr. Willard's *Tom Pinch* revival. Miss Gracie Leigh, who appeared as Lucy White, brought to the part a vivacious personality and a considerable reputation gained in musical comedy. Miss Leigh is a very clever little person, who will doubtless do as well in serious work as she has done under the banner of Mr. George Edwardes, but she has not quite mastered the technique of the art of sentimental acting. That will doubtless come

P. C.

Fradelle and Young

Scene from "The Professor's Love Story"

**A Scene from "The Professor's Love Story"**
Sketched by Our Artist




Sir Philip Burne-Jones is to be congratulated on having organised a dinner with a view to doing honour to a branch of art which has hitherto received but scant recognition. The scene painters, who are to be the guests on this occasion, are to be received by a committee of reception formed by the leading members of almost every branch of art in the United Kingdom. The President of the Royal Academy, the Solicitor-General, all the leading actor-managers and dramatists, are all joining together to show their appreciation of the great strides which have been made in the last few years in an art which has hitherto received recognition in the theatres, for which it was intended. While this function is not likely to do anything to improve the class of work which is already being done, and, indeed, it is quite clear that it has not been organised with this intention, at the same time it cannot fail to be a source of extreme gratification to its chief exponents to feel that the arm of friendship is at last being extended to them from the many elder branches which have held aloof for so long.

When the popularity of *A Country Girl*, at Daly's, becomes exhausted, Mr. George Edwardes has arranged that its successor is to be a new play of the same sort, and named *Beautiful Ceylon*. The music is to be written by Mr. Lionel Monckton, and, while several members of the cast will be practically the same as in previous productions at this theatre, it is stated that a new leading lady is to be found in Miss Sybil Arundale, who has lately been making so great a success by her clever performance as My Lady Molly. As there is no immediate prospect of any alteration being made in the present bill, but few details are forthcoming as to this future production; but it is already hinted that the scenery and effects will be remarkable, even for a theatre upon which Mr. Edwardes is accustomed to lavish so much care and attention.

The Court Theatre is to be included in the list of those which are making a special feature of their Christmas production. Mr. Philip Carr has adapted a children's play from Grimm's well-known fairy story, "Snowdrop and the Seven Little Men." The intention has been rather to provide a fanciful play than an ordinary pantomime, and the music, which is from the pen of Mr. Charles W. Smith, has been composed in accordance with this idea. It is to be preceded by a short one-act play, also adapted by Mr. Philip Carr from the "Brer Rabbit" stories; and this should prove in marked contrast to the other, as it will be devoted to rollicking fun, thoroughly in keeping with the desires of its little audience.

At this time of year, when the pantomime season is so soon to begin, the much vexed question of allowing children to appear on the stage is bound to be very much to the fore. So much has been written upon the subject that it would seem that the pros and cons must have been thoroughly discussed, and that there remains little more to be said. But the advocates of excluding children under a certain age from the theatre are as much to the fore as usual in defence of what they believe to be a good cause. It is true that these doubtless well-wishers have a considerable amount of reason upon their side when they argue upon the inadvisability of allowing a child to become infatuated by the glare of the footlights at an age when it is impossible for it to thoroughly weigh the question in its own mind. And it is undoubtedly a fact, in some cases, that parents urge their children into this course solely from a desire to reap the benefit of their labours. But at the same time they seem equally to forget the class of people from which these young recruits are drawn, and they seem unable to realise that even the life behind the scenes, with its many drawbacks and disadvantages, may be, and usually is, a thousand times preferable to the life that the child in all probability is living at home. It would be exceedingly unlikely for a parent, with a sufficient income to keep his family in comfort, to desire or even allow his child to appear in public at an age when it is too young to choose for itself, and the question of the small salary which it could earn would be but a very small bias to his mind. But the opposite case, when the small weekly payment becomes a matter of such importance that the child is practically bound to earn something, is one in which its present home is in all probability one of miserable poverty, from which the only possible choice would be an alleviation which would bring far greater disadvantages than the career of an actress; and if only this fact was given the amount of consideration which it deserves, it is probable that more than one-half of the opposition to children appearing on the stage would be removed.

# The TRINUMMUS of PLAUTUS

*Played at*

St Peter's College WESTMINSTER.

Megaronides
Mr W.J.W. Bonser.

Callicles.
Mr A.G.R Henderson.

Sycophanta
Mr E.W.D. Colt Williams.

Lesbonicus & PHILTO
Mr G.B Wilson. Mr A.P. Waterfield

Stasimus and
Mr E.C Chesney

Lysiteles
Mr S.D Charles.

Charmides
Mr H.B Philby

W.D.S.R. Sykes '03

# A Duck-Shooting Escapade

*Flanagan was a sportsman of renown, but got very little credit as far as his Better Half was concerned. She admonished him on the subject of his sporting proclivities with more eloquence than reason. The married life of the Flanagans was rather embittered by their differences on the question of sport; but one morning, after the usual wrangle, Flanagan was suffered to depart on the pretext of shooting ducks. It is rather galling for a sportsman to be cautioned against shooting himself, but this slight*

*feeling of resentment wore off as Flanagan sniffed the dank ozone of the swamps, felt the welcome "pull" of his trusty gun on his elbow, and, joy unspeakable! lighted upon two ducks nicely within range. The sequel of this amazing discovery was swift and sure. Flanagan fired both barrels and killed both ducks! The elevation of his spirit must be taken as an excuse for the elevation of his gun. If the sceptical Mrs. F. could only see him now! She was not there, but Farmer O'Flaherty was. The latter's grief at the demise of his two tame ducks took the not unreasonable form of grim-visaged anger*

*against their slayer. The chase began. Fortunately for Flanagan it was a handicap race and he was given the first obstacle start. This proved to be one of those bogs for which Ould Oireland is famed. The rage of Farmer O'Flaherty overcame his natural instincts, and he became ingloriously mixed in the bog, while Flanagan repaired at a more leisurely pace to the nearest shebeen to mix drinks. Mixed drinks renewed in Flanagan's*

*breast the ardour for the chase, which had been rather dampened by the part he had recently played. It may have been his own uncertain evolutions which led him to ascribe life and movement to a stuffed pheasant on a hall door. Anyhow, he fired, and nearly got two months, though he found it more easy to explain matters to the R.M. than to Mrs. F.*

MORAL.

*Make sure your game is wild and alive before you shoot.*

# Flounces and Fashion

SUNDAY.—At Church Parade I saw some capital frocks, all seemingly moleskin in colour and moleskin in nature. I wish women wouldn't adopt one fashion with such unanimity that it becomes a livery, thereby making the life of the chronicler of costume entirely dull. We lunched at the Savoy, where there were sables to right of me, sables to left of me, and sables all round me, costing much more than the noble six hundred, and inducing me to a policy of envy to which I was not born. There was a wonderful sable scarf, quite new, which was lined with ermine and fringed with tails, accompanied by a monstrous muff and a sable toque trimmed with tangerine-oranges. There was also an admirable white cloth skirt, worn with a white caracul bolero, fringed with little fur balls and crowned with a picture-hat of black beaver, trimmed with silver galon and a white feather. In the midst of all this elegance, Robert, who was with me, had the indiscretion to admire a simple costume of black and iron-grey tweed, trimmed with bands of black velvet, machine-stitched, and crowned with a toque of scarlet *moufion* bearing a bunch of holly—reminiscent mainly of a Christmas pudding.

TUESDAY.—Marjorie's birthday! and we glorified the occasion by a tea-fight of most friendly characteristics, when we all admired her "loot," and divided the honours of the best present between a little old enamel ring of dark blue, surrounded with diamonds and bearing a diamond in the centre, and a dull gold card-case, with a diamond bow in the left-hand corner. In the evening we all supped at the Carlton, in further honour of the occasion, with Marjorie's most kindly aunt as hostess, who wore a most fascinating frock of the palest shade of blue satin, with a *berthe* of old lace round her shoulders, and a bunch of French button roses in the centre of her *décolletage*.

WEDNESDAY.—My mother has yielded to my entreaties and has taken a house, and hotel life is to know us no more after next month, and therein I find cause for rejoicing, and much satisfaction in the thoughts of the visits I shall pay to furniture shops in search of chintz and wall-papers. To-day I could not resist going into Hamptons', where I revelled in the simple charms of a chintz bearing penny bunches of violets all over it, and in the more elaborate fascinations of an *ecru* silken fabric, thick of surface, with an interwoven ribbon of mauve, tied in bows at intervals all round it; I sent home some samples of matte-white papers in tiny strips, and I now await the wrath of my unreasonable parent, who will no doubt declare I am littering up the room with useless and unwanted litter!

THURSDAY.—I spent the afternoon with Pearl, beginning it well by taking lunch with her, and proving my amiability afterwards by going out to buy the best of cakes for my own tea, and wearing her long sealskin coat and driving in her Morse motor. I make a point now of cultivating friends with motors, and Pearl has two, while her sealskin coat has decided charms, reaching to the ground, with a becoming collar turning up to the mouth; it defies the cold with a most becoming grace, and made me feel quite wealthy and important, and possessed of wild desires to go and visit everybody I knew. However, I refrained and returned to Pearl

A Pretty Evening Gown

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early, laden with goodies, to find her in all the glories of a new gown of black *mousseline velours*, trimmed with broad bands of black lace round the hem and on the bodice, which was further embellished with a yoke, and deep cuffs of white Irish lace. And even thus allowed her newest toy, a bull pup of unpleasant features, to clamber all over her. A crowd of visitors came in and said things that do not matter, and wore frocks that are not worth mentioning, the one notable exception being a fair-haired girl, in a costume of wine-coloured velvet, with a *mouflon* hat to match, decked with ostrich features. They talked much of the Stevenson-Keppel wedding, and decided that the bride's costume of silver-grey satin, with chenille and dull silver sequins, with a yoke of old lace, was ideal for the circumstances. Then someone detailed the charms of an evening cloak made of oyster-white satin, with broad bands of lace, outlined with chiffon roses of yellow, with a hood border and stole of ermine, lined with yellow and white brocade. These are worthy the attention of my artist, and after I had grasped the facts, I mounted the Morse again and hied me home—as the penny-novelettist would say.

NITA.

## At the London Corset Co.'s

28, NEW BOND STREET

How many complaints we hear nowadays from tailors and dressmakers to the effect that the corsets worn by their customers prevent the perfect fitting of their latest confections, and how annoyed these same customers are if they but suggest that their corsets should be more carefully chosen. An excellent place for the choosing of these corsets is at 28, New Bond Street, The London Corset Co.'s shop. They really should not be called The London Corset Co., as every corset they sell comes direct from Paris. The corset for the tailor-made dress is quite plain, with lines of silk stitching, while to contrast with it there are many beautiful examples of the fantastic and artistic corset; a specially excellent model being of ribbon, and this is suitable for wearing with Empire frocks or teagowns, when it is as comfortable as pretty.

As well as to stays, the London Corset Company devote themselves to those little trifles which make such a difference to the costume of every woman. Among these may be noted a charming green leather belt; at least, the foundation is of green leather, but it is painted with blurred effects in all the tints of red autumn leaves. Another belt to be found at 28, New Bond Street, is of black or green leather, with gold tooled work, while the harmonious metal clasp bears the same design.

Blouses may also be found on these premises, and very charming some of them are, too; while as for the petticoats, it is difficult adequately to describe their many beauties. I saw a fascinating one in pale blue *glacé* silk, trimmed with rows of black velvet ribbon, and the windows of No. 28, New Bond Street, are full of examples of corsets and petticoats and suspenders, all in pale blue.

Now remember this, that, although the establishment is called the London Corset Company, and is the proud inventor of the Samothrace Corset, everything contained in their spacious showrooms is Paris-made and excellent in fit and style, besides which the corsets here are to be had at all prices, ranging from a guinea, to suit alike both the extravagantly and economically inclined.

## Stitchery and Witchery

AT MESSRS. DEBENHAM AND FREEBODY'S

Of interest to women, both to those who embroider and to those who merely admire, is the exhibition being held now by Messrs. Debenham and Freebody, of Wigmore Street. This energetic firm has gathered together some beautiful examples of samplers, etc., dating from the period of the Stuarts; indeed, one specimen goes still further back, as it is supposed to have been given by Queen Elizabeth to one of her maids of honour, and, even, it is reported to have been worked by her queenly hands. Marvellous, indeed, is this sampler worked on cream linen with home-made lace of different breadths and designs set into it, and bordered by rows of close stitching in white silk.

Many pieces of eighteenth century picture needlework are to be found here, with the face of the heroine formed of print, and the dress and surrounding scenery of black or coloured silks, principally in the form of French knots; while one example of this work shows a pretty girl with a paper face and a dress worked in different shades of brown hair.

On the opposite side of the room are various samplers with nice little model sermons, one of them being—

> "Rachel Prychard look well to what you take in hand,
> For larning is better than house or land,—
> When land is gone and money is spent
> Then larning is most excellent."

Next to this is a most fascinating old Bible cover representing Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden clothed in fig leaves, while in one corner a huge caterpillar is disporting itself, and this, by the way, we make take as representing the serpent. The apples are made of balls of floss silk.

An interesting relic is the Masonic apron of the last Duke of Ormond, a title which is now extinct, and the principal design of this is solidly worked in spangles of pure gold.

The old bead bags which are becoming so fashionable are to be found here in great variety and beauty, while of more modern work equally beautiful are some examples of quaint enamelling set with large, rough pearls in many quaint ways.

In the adjoining department, where there is a great show of old lace, is to be seen a lovely old Flemish flounce, 12in. deep, in perfect condition and costing £42, and in the next case to it is a piece of rose Venetian point, also in perfect condition, four and three-quarter yards long, costing three hundred and thirty-five guineas.

Indeed, I found that many hours could be spent and many pages written on the subject of the old stitchery and old lace which abound in these showrooms.

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# A DAY'S HUNTING

*Sketched by Our Correspondent*

## Peckham's Fat Boy

*Copyright Royal Magazine*

Peckham, not the least wronged spot of that much-wronged province, Suburbia, has at length come by its proper fame: the name Peckham riots through the columns of the *Times*, and all on account of Johnny—Johnny Trundley, the five-year-old fat boy of Peckham, who shares, with the Leicester Square ape, the rapt attention of a Fiscal-wearied public. Is he to go to school—or not? All Britain hung upon the answer, and a waiting world breathed relief when it learnt that Johnny would duly appear at the Board school in the intervals between his music-hall engagements. A Gargantuan desk is being hurriedly put together; but I foresee other hindrances. In my daily I note that, "Yesterday morning Johnny slept until midday, as usual. No power on earth can wake him earlier." Thus, which is to reform and change its hours—the School Board or the boy? But this problem may be left with the schoolmistress. I read that she coaxed Johnny, on her first visit, "by a hint of 'something' in her satchel." Let us hope that "something" stands, not for a sugar-stick or other fat-forming luxury, but for a slice of lemon.

# The Toilet Table

Next in importance to the careful keeping of the face may be considered the careful keeping of the hands and nails, and it is especially difficult to keep these well during the winter, as the cold renders the skin so hard that it is often impossible to push the cuticles down as much as could be wished. Of course, the best way to set about it is to go to a really practical manicurist such as Carmichael's, 46, Dover Street, but those who cannot afford this I would not recommend to go to the cheap shops where but a shilling is charged and about two shillings' worth of damage is done. It must be remembered that in these large shops the one object of the manicurist is to hurry to get on to the next person, and manicuring is something that calls for a great deal of thought and consideration. It is quite possible, at a small outlay and with a little experience, to manicure one's own nails; and as I do not believe there are any books to be had on this important subject, I will proceed to a practical lesson of how it should be done.

The implements needed are a small iron file, a chamois leather covered nail-polisher, a bundle of orange sticks, a packet of emery boards, a bottle of "Cleansine" or some such preparation for removing stains, and some polishing paste, to be purchased either from the hairdresser's or chemist's. Let the hands soak thoroughly in warm water, then take an emery board, and lightly rub them to the required shape; afterwards take an orange stick, dip it into the cleansing fluid, and pass it carefully under each nail, taking care not to scratch it, as, after scratching, one's nails are much more liable to catch the dirt; to complete the operation, rub a little of the paste on with the little finger, and polish with the chamois leather. You will find that this gives a brilliant polish with very little trouble; and if, after washing, the nails are gently rubbed, either on the towel or palm of the hand, this process need be repeated but once a week.

To keep your hands smooth is a more difficult matter, for hard water in London is as usual as hard weather; but, as I mentioned in my last article, a small bag of bran will have excellent results. There are many preparations to prevent roughness of the hands, but really the most satisfactory and the safest to use is ordinary glycerine and rosewater. For those who object to glycerine and rosewater, either on principle or because of fads, camphorated ice will be found just as serviceable; as a matter of fact, smooth hands depend much upon their careful drying after washing.

# THE MENU

"What's here? Things for the cook."—*Shakespeare.*

Too many cooks may spoil the broth, but there is no like danger in the provision of too many recipes, and I have before me an up-to-date and economical cookery book, published by Jarrold and Sons, 10 and 11, Warwick Lane, E.C., and written by Dora Groome, that seems very helpful in the knowledge, and I think I may say the cost, of cookery. I propose to-day to give some recipes for soups, which I hope will be found nourishing and tempting for the young folks at home for the holidays, and, it is hoped, enable housekeepers to provide this valuable addition to the family fare, with but little expense and trouble.

### LENTIL SOUP.

Two pints whole lentils, two onions, two carrots, three leaves celery, cloves, herbs, salt and pepper, two quarts stock or water. Wash the lentils well and soak them in water for twelve hours; put them on to boil with the vegetables in weak stock, add seasoning, boil until quite soft; it will take three hours. Remove the bunch of herbs, pulp the whole through a sieve. Return to the stew-pan, boil up, keeping it well stirred; if too thick, add a little more stock or milk.

### OXTAIL SOUP

One oxtail, two quarts second stock or water, three carrots, one turnip, two onions, half stick celery, bay leaf, parsley, herbs, peppercorns and salt; 2oz. butter or beef dripping. Wipe the oxtail very clean, cut through every joint with a sharp knife, fry them brown in 2oz. butter or dripping. Afterwards fry the onions cut in rings; put the stock or water in a stewpan, add the pieces of tail and salt, let it come to the boil, skim it well, add the vegetables, herbs, parsley; let it simmer gently four hours, strain it, put the pieces of tail in a basin by themselves. Next day remove all fat from the stock, trim the pieces of tail, remove every scrap of fat and skin; if too large, divide them: heat and serve with the pieces of oxtail in it. Add a glass of sherry and season to taste.

FOR THICK OXTAIL SOUP.—Put 3oz. butter in a stewpan, when melted stir in 2oz. flour and let it brown. Mix it with the soup, stir till it thickens, add the pieces of tail, one tablespoonful of ketchup, one glass of sherry; season.

### PALESTINE SOUP.

2lb. Jerusalem artichokes, one quart milk, one Spanish onion (six cloves stuck in it), 1oz. butter, 1oz. flour, whole pepper, one gill cream. Peel the artichokes, weigh them, boil in salted water till tender, pulp through a hair sieve. Boil the onions, cloves and pepper in the milk; when well flavoured strain it. Melt the butter in a stewpan, stir in the flour, then gradually the milk and artichoke; pulp, boil it up, stirring well all the times; lastly, stir in the cream. Add more milk if the soup is too thick.

### TOMATO SOUP

2lb. sliced tomatoes, one quart weak stock, bunch sweet herbs, one Spanish onion, whole pepper and salt, 2oz. crushed tapioca, and 1oz. butter. Slice the tomatoes, remove the pips and watery substance, put them in a stewpan with the butter, onion, herbs, pepper and salt; stew till tender, rub through a sieve, remove the onions and herbs. Heat the stock, sprinkle in the tapioca, cook till clear, then add the tomato *purée;* season and serve very hot.


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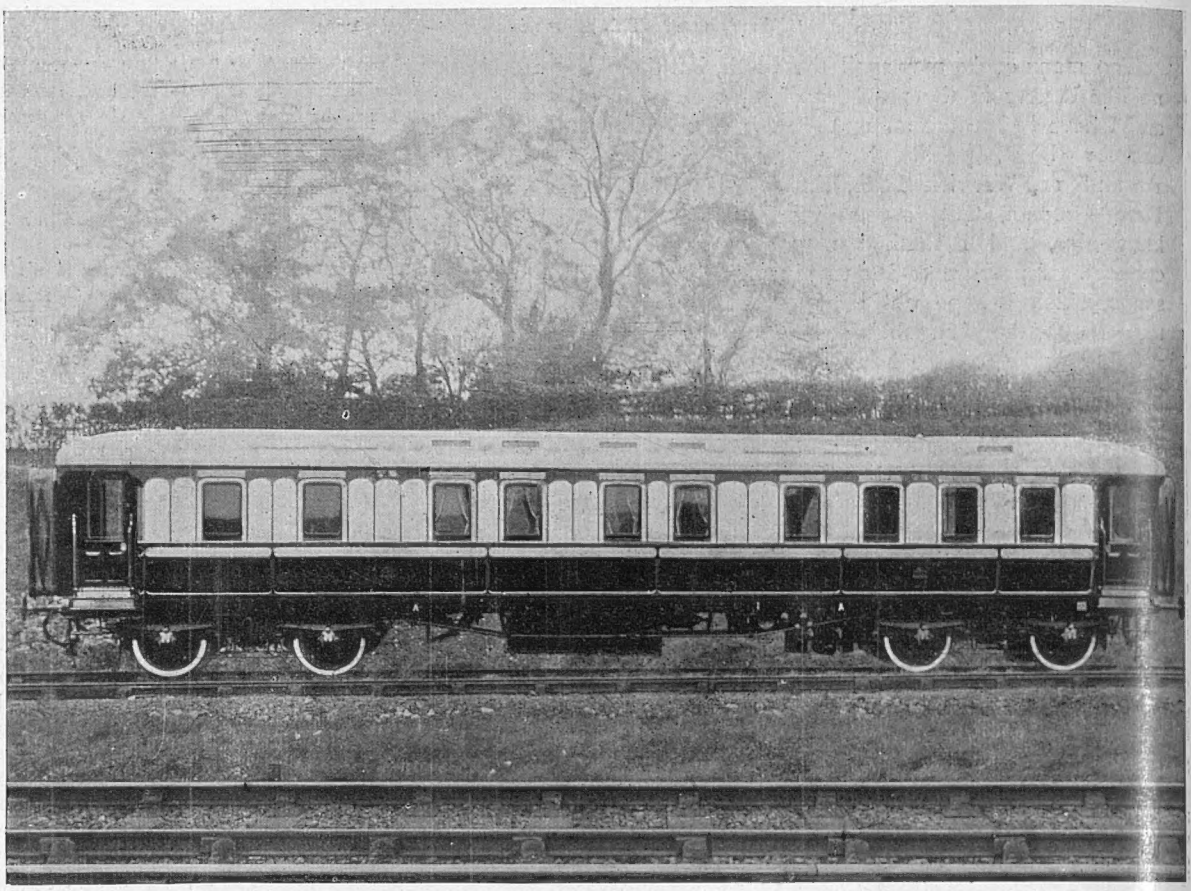

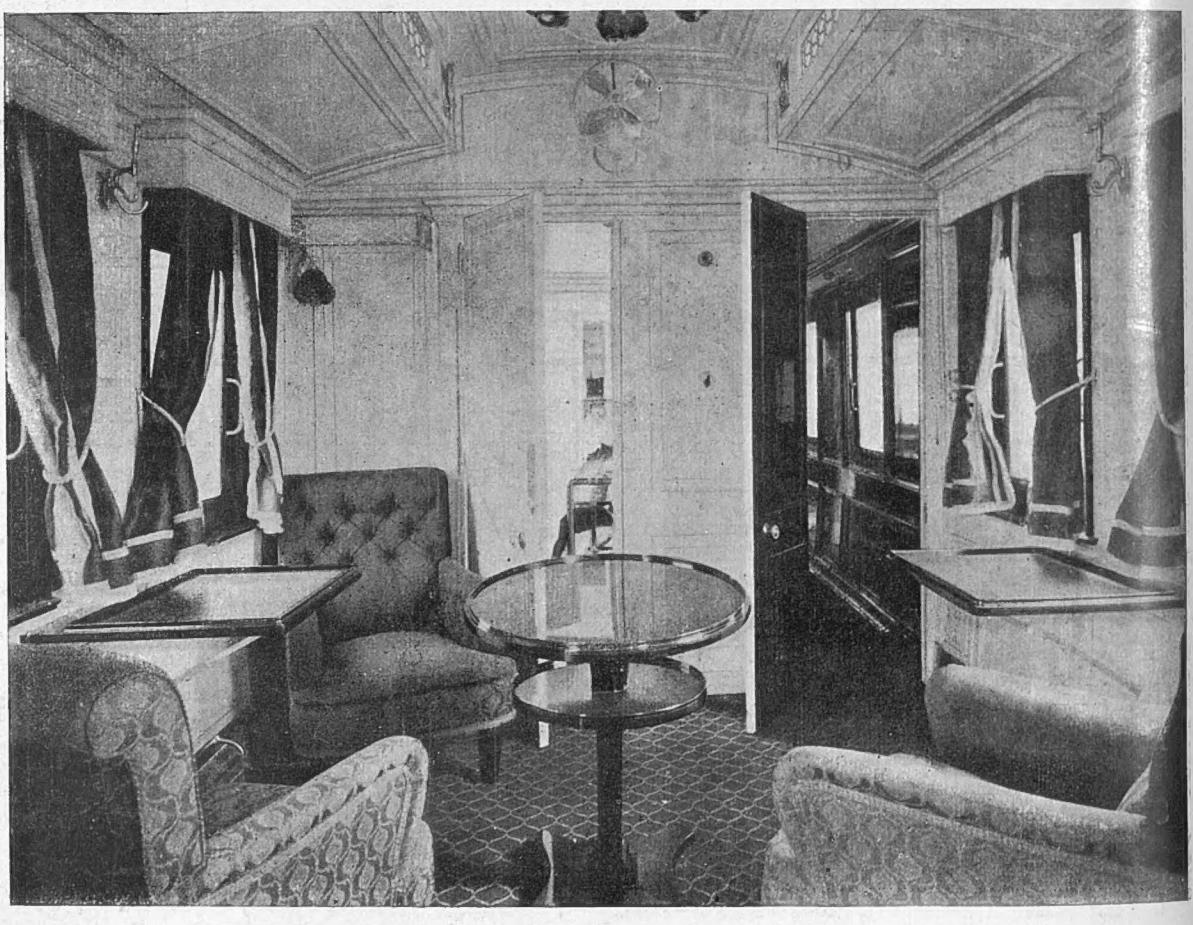

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